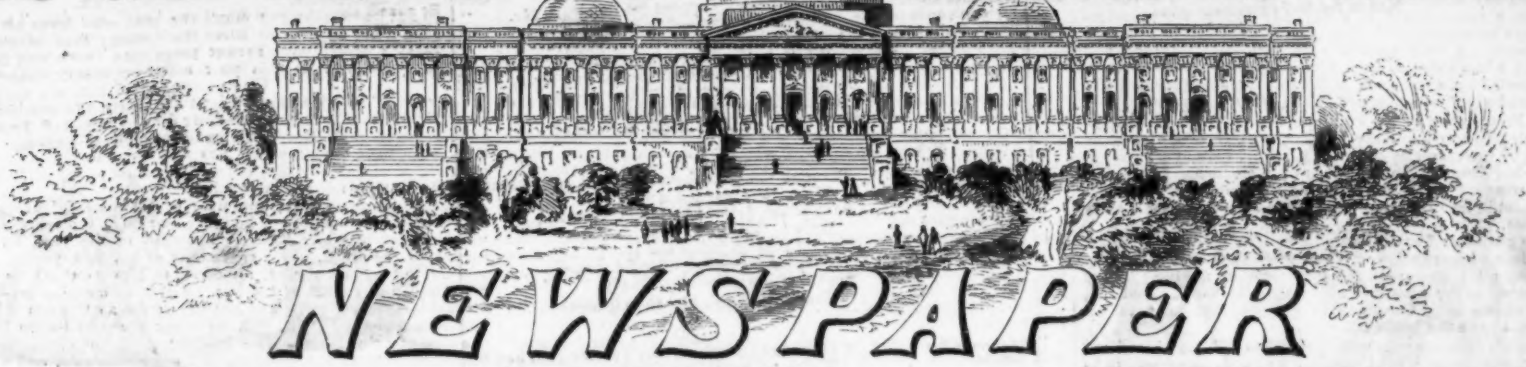


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TERESA CHAPMAN; OR, PRIDE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MARRIAGE.

TERESA CHAPMAN had been ill for several days. This circumstance had reconciled her mother to her. In taking care of her daughter, Mrs. Chapman had forgotten the grief which she had recently caused her. But when Teresa was restored to health, the mother and daughter never recovered that confidence which had formerly existed between them. Unable to speak of the past, because it reminded them of Charles Eden, they remained for whole hours together without exchanging a word.

Teresa was surprised at not seeing Mr. Durand taken up with her. She did not like to ask her mother if he had called during her illness; yet she felt that with her impatient character she could not long submit to a silence which her mother seemed to prescribe to her by her own example. At length one day, when she had made up her mind to obtain some explanation, Anne entered the room to acquaint Mrs. Chapman that she was wanted.

"Who is it?" inquired Teresa, when her mother had left the room.

"I should have thought, Miss Teresa, you could have guessed well enough," replied the servant. "It is your new future husband; and really there is such a difference, that I cannot imagine how—"

"Cease!" interrupted Teresa, ill-naturedly. "Has Mr. Durand already made an offer of his hand?"

"You can ask missus," replied the old servant, seeing Mrs. Chapman return.

"Well, mother?" said Teresa.

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Chapman, "Mr. Durand has just called, but I have not accepted his offer, which, at this period, would appear to me an injury done to the friend of your childhood, who is perhaps hastening to his destruction."

"Yet, mother," observed Teresa, peevishly, "what good could it be to Charles were I not to marry?"

"I see," said Mrs. Chapman, "that I am still mistaken about you. My dear, from this time forth act as you think proper. Mr. Durand has asked you in marriage; and, if you wish it, I will write and accept his offer."

After this effort, which the excellent mother made over herself to please her daughter, she refused everything that regarded herself personally, and yet watched over all that concerned the interests of her daughter.

"I hope, my dear, beautiful mother," said Mr. Durand, one day to Mrs. Chapman, "that now things have gone so far, you will not

refuse to come and dine with me to meet my sister, to whom I want to introduce my charming betrothed."

Mrs. Chapman was about to refuse, when she was prevented doing so by a supplicating look from her daughter.

"My sister is not very much pleased with my intended marriage," resumed Mr. Durand; "yet, as she is comfortably settled, it strikes me I ought to think of myself."

Mr. Durand called on Mrs. Chapman again on the day before the dinner to press her to come, as he attached a great deal of importance to it from the fact that the Earl of Middleham had accepted an invitation to form one of the party.

The earl, though he had considerably passed the middle of life, still maintained all the pretensions of youth. Gifted in earlier years with a fresh complexion and an effeminate countenance, he had kept up all those little affectations which are displeasing in the spring of life, and repulsive in its decline. With much art, and extreme care of his person, he had succeeded in preserving an agreeable appearance. His figure was elegant, and his manners refined; but he had such a lack of compliments, that a lady must have felt in his company either greatly plagued or inclined to turn him into ridicule. His mind was very ordinary; but as he had always lived in good society, it was impossible at the same time not to recognise in him a kind of aristocracy, which produced a great impression on Miss Chapman, placed, as she had been, in an obscure condition, which for a long time past had weighed heavily on her spirits. Consequently the familiar ways of Mr. Durand, which bore the impress of a homeliness good-natured enough but frequently fatiguing, became from this moment insupportable to Teresa.

At the dinner-table the Earl of Middleham paid the greatest attention to Miss Chapman; and they so thoroughly kept themselves aloof in their conversation, that they both seemed as if they had gone to the wine-merchant's only out of condescension. Mr. Durand, who was quite proud of his beautiful betrothed, of whom he



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J. A. BARRY, ESQ., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. SEE PAGE 147.

had greatly boasted, knew not how to justify the negligence with which she treated the family to whom she had just been introduced. Mrs. Chapman, ashamed at the conduct of her daughter, and seeking to repair the scorn which Teresa showed, redoubled her graciousness and her politeness. But all her efforts were in vain, and the relations of Mr. Durand retired greatly displeased.

Teresa first attempted to pass off as a joke the reproaches of Mr. Durand, and then with considerable art deferred the preparations for her marriage. Mrs. Chapman, who was unable to understand this fresh caprice, had now to support the wearisome complaints of Mr. Durand; and, at the end of a few weeks, she was going very seriously to beg her daughter to free her from this state of embarrassment when a man-servant in a gay, gay gaudy livery, and no doubt very much astonished at finding himself in the Kent road, left at Mrs. Chapman's a little colored note that smelt of musk, and was sealed with a large coat of arms, surmounted by an earl's coronet, and supported by a couple of bulldogs. This note, which was signed "MIDDLEHAM," was couched in the following terms:

"MADAM: Encouraged by the kindness with which your daughter has been pleased to receive my homage, and certain of rendering her happy by the sincerity of my sentiments, I write with confidence to ask her hand of you. I believe I understood that Mr. Durand, the wine-merchant, had some claims on Miss Chapman, but I have no doubt he will renounce them as soon as he shall know of my intentions.

"This is my position: forty thousand a year in lands and funded property, a title, and no relation who can prevent me from offering at this moment all I possess to the companion of my life. These advantages, joined to the deep love with which she has inspired me, will, I hope, decide Miss Chapman in granting her hand to me. With this hope I have the honor of being, &c."

Mrs. Chapman's face was pale with indignation; Teresa's radiant with pride. Accordingly Mrs. Chapman had only one question to put to her daughter.

"And Mr. Durand, Teresa!" said Mrs. Chapman. "What would you have me say to him? That after having sacrificed true and tender love (which generally holds a powerful sway over the heart of a young girl), you once more fall in your word and honor? and that you will render desolate an honorable man who had destined for you a fortune acquired by a long and laborious life of toil, and who has already introduced you to his family? Do you forget, daughter, that this consent which you wrested from me has become sacred with me? You have deserted Charles; his delicate pride freed you from your engagement; neither my tears nor my prayers could arrest you in your intention. But now I will not be an accomplice in your conduct, and I shall write and refuse the Earl of Middleham."

"Refuse the Earl of Middleham!" exclaimed Teresa. "It is impossible! I do not love Mr. Durand, mother."

"And yet you sacrificed Charles for him!" observed Mrs. Chapman, contemptuously.

"But I did not love Charles. I never loved," repeated the contemptuous girl. "I only love the Earl of Middleham."

"You will never love anybody," replied Mrs. Chapman, indignantly. "You will never evince any feeling proceeding from the heart; you will know only what resolution to take when the gratification of your taste for luxury is in question, or when your love for yourself is paramount, which is the most contemptible of love."

Teresa dropped back in her chair, and looked at her mother with surprise, mingled with fear.

"I astonish you," continued Mrs. Chapman, with more calmness. "You have always looked upon me as a weak, blind mother, who would never oppose the gratification of your childish caprices. But, daughter, the moment has come when I must arrest you on the brink of the precipice over which you are on the point of falling. If, seeing you led away by the touching passions which carry their own ex-uses with them, I were called upon to stretch forth to you a scolding hand, to conceal an error, or to weep with you, you would find me as tender as I have ever been; but when you would attach shame to your name and mine, I must at once step you in so disgraceful a career, and show myself a prudent mother and an estimable woman. I therefore repeat to you that you shall marry Mr. Durand."

"But I will never marry him!" exclaimed Teresa, in a rage, and walking hurriedly up and down her little room, the humble appearance of which never appeared to her more insupportable. "It is in vain that my mother would interpose her authority to prevent me from being rich and happy," said the fickle girl; "I will not obey her."

Teresa, forgetting what was due to herself, forgetting what was due to her mother, hastily traced a few lines to the Earl of Middleham, apprising him of all that had passed, and, quietly opening her door, handed her note to the man-servant in the gaudy livery, who went away taking two messages.

Several days passed, during which Mr. Durand came to see the Chapmans but very rarely, and it was very evident that he no longer showed a pressing solicitude for the consummation of his marriage. Dreariness and sadness reigned at Mrs. Chapman's; Teresa worked no more; the time had long passed when she used to say, "I must hasten on with my work and get it finished, for Charles will soon come, and if I have not done, we shall have no time for a chat."

"To tell you the truth, ma'am," said good Anne, one day to Mrs. Chapman, "if I were in your place I should not torment myself about preventing my daughter from marrying as she pleases, and the more so as she will certainly end by doing so. Why, then, don't you make yourself easy about it? These doings are also injuring Miss Teresa. Many people in the neighborhood are chattering about her already, and saying, 'The young man has gone, and the old one won't come any more; she will marry no one, perhaps.' You see, ma'am, you had better let her do as she pleases; she is made to be rich and to love nobody. Let her follow her destiny. Have an explanation with this poor Mr. Durand, who does not like to come here any more because he is received so badly by Miss Teresa."

Mrs. Chapman yielded to the advice of Anne, and went out after having warned her to let nobody see her daughter.

The clerk in the office of Mr. Durand was greatly surprised on seeing Mrs. Chapman, but he did not like to say that his master was not at home; for the voice of Mr. Durand, rising joyously above several others, could be distinctly heard in the adjoining room.

"Beg your master to step here," said Mrs. Chapman. "I shall not detain him more than a few minutes."

Mr. Durand came hurrying into the office, though apparently embarrassed.

"Why have you not been to see me?" inquired Mrs. Chapman, stretching out her hand to him. "How do you mean us, and especially my daughter, to interpret your absence?"

Mr. Durand took a pinch of snuff, looked about him, and said, hesitatingly, "I am afraid, Mrs. Chapman, that I shall cause you a great deal of pain, and not be able to express myself properly, as Miss Teresa says that I have no education, no manners, no fashion, no—"

"Oh, the words of a foolish young girl, my dear sir!" said Mrs. Chapman. "And surely it cannot be for such speeches, repeated by malevolence, that you have resolved to keep away from a house where you were received like a man destined soon to form a portion of the family?"

"No, it is not only that," replied Mr. Durand, timidly. "You are a woman of considerable intelligence, Mrs. Chapman, and will understand me. My admiration for the beauty of Miss Teresa has not diminished; but I have some fears about her character. I have come to the conclusion that she is too young, too brilliant for me. She mortified me on the day of that unlucky dinner, in the presence, too, of my relations, who told me that I was indebted for the preference accorded to me by Miss Teresa only to—I do not know how to express it, my dear lady—in fact, the result is that I do not wish—"

"To marry my daughter," interrupted Mrs. Chapman. "Is it not so, Mr. Durand? Well, I free you from your word."

"You relieve me from a great weight," replied Mr. Durand, with a heaving breast. "But it is not possible—"

"You are right, my dear sir," again interrupted Mrs. Chapman, "it is not possible to have any confidence in a girl who has betrayed one whom she loved."

"Really, my dear lady, you ought not to find fault with your daughter for that. You are a reasonable person, and well understand the character of your child, and it is useless to endeavor to change it. The Earl of Middleham has been smitten by the beauty of Miss Teresa, and he treats me like a great lord treats a humble merchant. For a moment I got angry, and was nearly losing his

lordship's custom; but we no longer act at fifty as we do at twenty; and though my illusion about Miss Teresa has passed off, I still take an interest in her, and for you, Mrs. Chapman, I especially preserve a sincere attachment. The Earl of Middleham will do all for her that Teresa wishes; he will give her all his fortune if she persuades him that she is in love with him."

"At his age?" said Mrs. Chapman.

"There is no age for people with pretensions, my dear lady," said Mr. Durand. "He will do whatever she wishes, especially if he thinks I have been sacrificed."

"Really, you have great penetration and wisdom, Mr. Durand," said Mrs. Chapman.

"Ah! you see love has fled and reason returned," replied Mr. Durand. "And then I was pleased with myself. I have done something good to-day for poor Charles Eden."

"Have you any news of him?" inquired Mrs. Chapman.

"I have," replied Mr. Durand. "General Baird, who has taken him under his protection, has sent me a commission for wine for the army. I sat up myself the whole night to see that the order was executed, and I availed myself of that opportunity to recommend your nephew to him. He promised me that he would get him a lieutenantancy as soon as possible. I have also sent some money to Charles, as if from you."

"How kind of you!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman.

"Do not praise me," said Mr. Durand. "I have much reparation to make that young man. I made a bad use of my position, and that was wrong. But let us speak no more about it. It will turn out well for Charles; I am sure of it. When wars are going on, soldiers get on fast, if they are not killed."

"Oh! do not speak of that!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman, bursting into tears.

"No, no, I will speak no more about that—it will never happen," said Mr. Durand, quite affected. "But let me arrange the marriage of your daughter."

"Well, I consent to it," said Mrs. Chapman. "I leave to you the interests of Teresa. May she be as happy as she expects to be!"

Mr. Durand kept his word. In a short time after everything was ready for the marriage of the Earl of Middleham with M^{rs} Chapman. The mother merely required that it should be celebrated without pomp, to which arrangement Teresa was obliged to submit. On the morning of the ceremony, however, she felt some emotion as she looked for the last time on the very humble furniture which had served for her use so many years. On each article there was some token of friendship, of a young companion, of her mother, or of her cousin. In a small crystal vase bloomed the magnificent bouquet that had just been sent to her by the Earl of Middleham. Teresa thought of the rosebuds and the violets which Charles Eden had presented to her, and which she had preserved with so religious a care for so many nights beneath her pillow, and behind the folds of her white muslin curtains. She also glanced at a small glass case that contained the model of a landscape that had been executed in wax by Charles Eden. She had for some time past forgotten all about that wax model. All on a sudden a plaintive and tender voice repeated several times, "Oh, how I love Teresa!"

It was the parrot, once so caressed, but now so neglected; and the young girl covered its pretty head with kisses and tears.

"Poor Charles!" she murmured in low tones—"amiable companion of my childhood, you will perhaps never utter my name but with indignation! I have deserved it; and yet I feel that your memory will never be effaced."

"Here is your dress, miss," announced Anne, opening the door abruptly; and then brought into the room of her future ladyship satin petticoats, lace veils, gloves, flowers—Heaven knows what! The young girl hurried to her toilet, and forgot all her previous thoughts.

On leaving the church Teresa turned to her mother to bid her farewell. She left in a carriage and four for an estate of the earl's in one of the midland counties.

"I hope," said Teresa, bending down over the face of her mother, her own bathed with tears, and her brow sparkling with jewels and laden with flowers, "I hope, dear mamma, that on our return to town you will come and live with us."

"No, my daughter," replied Mrs. Chapman, gravely; "our tastes are different, and so must be our destinies. But I will always gladly receive you in my humble home, whenever you choose to come and see me."

CHAPTER V.—THE YOUNG HERO AND THE OLD LOVE.

TEN years had elapsed, and Charles Eden had returned from the Peninsula. He had distinguished himself on several occasions, and had been frequently wounded—he had endured the hardships of a long campaign, but he had gained promotion. That brave general, Sir David Baird, remembering his own struggles against patronage and family influence, allowed no such obstacles to impede the promotion of his *protegé*, but rewarded valor as it should be rewarded, and Charles Eden had come home to his aunt's house in the Kent Road wearing the epaulettes of a colonel.

"Here you are, Charles, my son, my dear child!" joyously exclaimed good Mrs. Chapman, as he entered her parlor. "Poor boy! how you must have suffered! have you not? But how tall you have grown! and how strong and dark, too! You have lost all the fresh and ruddy complexion you had at twenty. Ten years have made a man, a hero of you!"

The amiable lady bent her head, and hid her eyes, filled with tears, on the large gold epaulette, every fringe of which she examined with pride, when Charles told her his rank.

"There, colonel," she added, pushing Charles Eden into a low chair, where she was in the habit of sitting, "it was there you used to tell me all about your scrapes and your little sorrows. How vexed I would appear to be at every stain I saw on your clothes! but how my feigned anger would give way to my uneasiness when I discovered a bump on your forehead, or a scratch on your cheek, which I would kiss to heal! What a good, sweet child you were! I will not say handsome, for with that brilliant uniform you have perhaps become conceited and vain."

Charles smiled, shook his head quietly, and cast his glance round the room. His aunt understood him.

"Yes, my dear boy," she said, "this is the same humble abode, the same plain furniture. There is the old sofa on which you used to sleep so often to finish your delightful dreams. There are the same pictures; and in that small glass case is the first landscape you modelled in wax."

"But I did not give that landscape to you, dear aunt," said Charles. "I remember it with regret."

"You have found good Anne again, older and crosser, but still as devoted to me as ever," said Mrs. Chapman, quickly interrupting Colonel Eden, and appearing not to understand him.

"Yes," said Charles. "I also see, aunt, that there has been no change in your occupations, and that you still sew and embroider. I do not like to see this. It is time that you should give over work. How young—"

"Do not fret yourself, my dear child," said Mrs. Chapman. "Work is not a necessity, but a pleasure with me. I only do it at my leisure, I assure you; I have quite enough to live upon. Speaking of that, I have some money to restore to you."

"Will you then take nothing from me, aunt?" said Charles—"you who have so frequently sacrificed your savings for me?"

"It was not I, my dear boy, but our kind friend Mr. Durand, that assisted you," replied Mrs. Chapman; "so that on receiving that large sum which you sent to me four years ago, I repaid your old master the money which he had forwarded to you."

"Aunt, what you now tell me of Mr. Durand makes me regret that I have not been to see him," said Charles. "But I was afraid; I dreaded—"

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman, "dread that excellent man who always loved you, and who never comes to see me without speaking of you? His visits, however, have been fewer since he gave up business, and since he has been living almost in retirement in the country."

"Given up business! Living retired in the country! And why are you not with him, aunt? Why are you thus alone, almost deserted?" inquired Charles.

"Do you not then know?—Charles, where do you come from?" said Mrs. Chapman.

"Alas! from the army, aunt," replied Charles, "from an unfortunate army, where we have been for whole months without receiving any news from England. But tell me, what has happened? Your daughter? Mr. Durand?"

"They have now nothing to do with each other, my dear?" said his aunt.

"Is Teresa still free?" exclaimed Charles, springing from his chair.

Mrs. Chapman bent down her eyes before her nephew's brilliant look of hope; but arming herself with courage, she said, "My daughter is the wife of the Earl of Middleham."

"The Earl of Middleham!" exclaimed Charles, starting back. "What! Is it possible that Teresa is that beautiful and brilliant woman of fashion of whom people speak so much, who draws at her ear— Oh, no, no! do not tell me, mother, that Teresa is the Countess of Middleham?"

"I do not know what you may have heard, my dear," said Mrs. Chapman; "but Teresa conducts herself with perfect propriety."

"Conducts herself with perfect propriety!" said Charles, indignantly; "and you in this poor house!—alone!—working!—oh, mother!"

"My dear," said his aunt, "I now see that we must touch upon a subject which I have been avoiding for the whole week that you have been with me. But first let me hear all about yourself. I know that, with your career, which has now become brilliant, there is mixed up a woman who they tell me is charming. Speak to me about her. I will then tell you everything."

Charles remained for a long time with his head leaning on the corner of the mantelpiece; he made no reply; the present moment was forgotten by him. Entirely absorbed in the past, he had returned to the fresh, sweet sensations of his first youth. Teresa, vowing to love him always, appeared to him as the only and the most beautiful dream of his life. Fields of battle, glory—all was forgotten—effaced. He had become again as Charles Eden, the humble merchant's clerk, with no other prospect before him than the bliss of being loved. The brilliant marks of distinction which loaded his breast; the sword which hung by his side, and which he had never drawn but for a noble action, he did not perceive, did not think of; he saw himself sitting again at his desk; he had forgotten all—all, except his first love.

Mrs. Chapman respected for a long time the reveries of her nephew; but fearing that they were becoming too painful, she placed her hand gently on his head. Charles retained the hand of his aunt in his own, and a deep sigh proclaimed that the past had vanished, and the pitiless and unvaried present resumed its empire.

"I will be brief, aunt," said Charles, "for I do not like speaking of myself."

"Now that I see you, my dear boy, in a certain and honorable career," said his aunt, "I am less curious about your position and the events that have led you to it, than I am of the weaknesses or sufferings of your heart."

"Alas! aunt," said Charles, "they have stuck to me throughout the whole of my life. You know that despair made a soldier of me, and that on leaving you I wished almost more to die than to live. But as it has been repeatedly observed, death, which cuts off so many happy lives, respected mine, and though bullets did not spare me, none hit me mortally. I slept on the ground, I suffered hunger, cold and heat; I had hours of glory and days of deception; sublime minutes and months of suffering. I have shaken the hand of the Duke of Wellington, that man whom soldiers and Englishmen make their idol, and our foes their terror; his piercing eye has been fixed on mine. I gained my steps by several deeds that a hundred thousand others would have done in my place; chance served me, that's all. The last wound I received in Spain was very serious. I could not recover from it, and I was ordered to take the waters of Bares in the Pyrenees. I went there. I was very weak; I thought you would have heard of my death. On my arrival at Bares, I found myself much better. I could not, for any length of time, refuse the advances of several military men. Among these new acquaintances was General Strizzi; he was of the native division that behaved so gloriously in Spain. Wounded at the siege of Saragossa, he was carried to Bares, where his youthful daughter came to tend him, with all those cares of a woman, which, full of kindness and charms, lull asleep the sharpest pangs."

"Ah! now comes the romantic part," said Mrs. Chapman, interrupting him with a smile; "and I guess that that young girl, so tender and devoted, is as beautiful as an angel, and that—Heaven be praised!—she has closed a cruel wound."

"Your imagination travels too fast, aunt," said Charles. "That young person was not a beauty; but in looking at her, you forgot that her features did not possess an uninterrupted regularity, and that her figure was by no means stately. Her eyes, adorable in their expression, were the most remarkable feature in that face, often pale and dejected."

"But I have been told she is so very beautiful," said Mrs. Chapman.

"May she not be so without having the beauty of—?" And the eyes of Charles Eden turned towards a small profile hanging on the chimney-piece, and recognisable from the purity of its lines and its admirable head and brow. "Giulia Strizzi is not then a beauty," he resumed; "but when you are ill and in pain, her sweet voice consoles you. She is the type of good-hearted and simple-minded woman, and it was a pleasure to me to feel that she was near me whenever I was sad and downcast."

"The general and I became great friends," continued Charles. "He told me of all his schemes for the future. He spoke to me of the fine property he had at the foot of the Euganean hills. 'If I should have the happiness,' he would frequently say to me, 'of meeting with a man who would know how to appreciate all the charms and qualities of Giulia, it would be a matter of very little importance to me if he had or had not a fortune. But before seeing the execution of this fine scheme, more than one campaign must be encountered; and you will see,' he added, 'that they will not leave us time to get our wounds closed.'"

"General Strizzi was right. We had to leave. I then learned that Giulia was going to follow her father into Spain. In vain did I represent to the general all the dangers she would run by so doing. 'In the name of Heaven,' he replied to me, 'to whom would you have me confide her? Her mother is dead; and she has no relations but in Italy. Besides, I hope that nothing will happen to me, and that I shall always be able to protect her. But should a bullet be stronger than my wish, you will protect Giulia, Eden; you will look upon her as your sister. I will trust her to you.'"

"I reminded the general sorrowfully that I had to go to Portugal, and that his division was in Spain. The thought of this made him sad, nor was it without regret that I mused over our being obliged soon to part; Giulia was so amiable, so modest, so tender!"

"We entered Spain together. Arrived at Valladolid, where we were to part, I promised the general to come and pass my last evening with him. An exclamation of joy greeted me when I went to him to keep my promise, and the general expressed a wish that he might be sent also to Portugal, which was ultimately fulfilled. Giulia was paler than usual; she had tears in her eyes; and yet, in spite of herself, her lips parted with a smile. That was the first smile of happiness I had known since I left you, aunt."

"We entered Portugal. But I do not wish to inspire you with pity either for myself or our arms by relating to you all that we suffered in that sunshiny and beautiful country, whose inhabitants were distressed and almost ruined by their houses being sacked and their lands ravaged; where we lacked provisions for ourselves and forage for our horses; where we marched from victory to victory; and where misery and want, heat and frightful rains, brought on epidemics that decimated us more than the enemy. At length we left that country, after driving the enemy out of it, partly through misery that attacked them, and partly through the address of Wellington, who knew how to avail himself of the imprudences and misfortunes of the foe."

"On arriving in Spain I was ordered to return to England; but the ties which I had formed with the general and his daughter considerably diminished the joy I experienced on leaving the army. I informed the general of my reluctance to leave him, when he observed, 'I think that leave will not be refused to me. It must be clearly seen that I am not fit for anything great at this period. We will then depart by the same convoy.'"

"We fortunately accomplished this project. What a deal of joy, to be sure, Giulia exhibited on leaving a country where she had undergone sufferings with heroic courage, and where she had ever sedulously concealed her fears and uneasiness not to alarm her father! Courageous in moments of danger, smiling and serene amid the severest privations, always thinking of others, and never of herself—she was, in fact, an angel, such as is sent to a father or a husband whom Providence protects."

"We left Madrid in the month of December. Ice and snow

covered the Guadarama; the general would cross this mountain on foot; Giulia leant on my arm, and as we ascended the mountain, I called her attention to the arms of our soldiers, which she admired as they glistened in the sun like long serpentine lines of light. It was an admirable sight. The escort was considerable; it had under its protection the treasures and trophies we had taken from the enemy in Spain. When we had passed Valladolid, several battalions were added to our escort, and we resumed our journey without fear. We soon beheld in the distance the flag of England floating over the fortress of Briviesca, and soldiers placed on the top of this eagle's nest wished us a pleasant journey with sad voices and envious looks. Spain was to all of us a land of exile, where each thought he would find a tomb. We entered among the gloomy and picturesque cliffs of Pancorvo, one of which is pierced through from side to side to afford a passage into France. From the midst of these cliffs, pelting down upon us, as if by enchantment, like a hailstorm, came a shower of bullets that brought down several of our men, and put to rout the whole convoy. In vain our leaders put a bold countenance on the matter. From the tops of the mountains, from the depths of the torrents, and I do believe from the bowels of the earth, issued armed men, mounted on the horses of the country, that obeyed their voices and seemed to partake their fury. I never left the carriage of the general, where his daughter detained him with shrieks of despair. Suddenly a ball pierced the forehead of the brave old warrior; he fell on the bosom of his daughter, who had fainted. Several brigands laid hold of her with brutality; wounded as I was, I tried to defend her; but I succumbed to numbers and was taken prisoner.

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman, interrupting her nephew, "you make me shudder, my dear. Still it is that charming Giulia whom you have brought with you to England. It is she whom you are going to marry—is it not? You are going to be happy with her. Oh, you did right to save her, for she loves you, and has no longer a father! But tell me what happened afterwards. I am proud to see you behaved so well."

"Why, aunt," replied Charles, "any one else would have done as much. I was desperately beaten, and received several wounds. My horse was killed; they tied me on a mule, and in this cruel manner carried me over winding roads, into the depth of the mountains. At the foot of one of these we came to a miserable village. The brigands took me into a house, where I found Giulia all but dying. They had thrown her on some coarse cloaks which served her for a bed; she was delirious, and was calling on her father with heartrending cries; but she did not call upon him alone; she mingled my name with his in her despair, in those fantastic and fearful visions occasioned by fever. Oh, I still see her, aunt, at the moment when she recognized my voice; she seized a kindled pine-branch, the only light they use in those mountains, and dragging herself towards me, cried out that she was my wife, and that she would not quit me. Her despair and tenderness moved even the brigands who surrounded us. They pitied her, and spared my life. What a life! What sufferings! What anguish! I recovered, notwithstanding. Giulia contended with me for death; I shielded her from the despair that the loss of her father had caused her; but when I had brought back to her more consoling hopes, she said to me, 'Alas! Charles, what will become of us? What are these men going to do with us? Do you know I should prefer death to our separation?' I know not what I promised her, what I replied to her; but who would not have felt a deep and touching pity for that unfortunate young creature?"

"Pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman; "say rather love, Charles. How could you do otherwise than adore that angel? And whom could you think of equal to her?"

"Alas! aunt, I was thinking of Teresa; I had not forgotten her! Must I confess it to you? I love her still."

Mrs. Chapman could not reply, but bowed her head in silence. "We remained prisoners for three months," resumed Charles, "when an unexpected circumstance freed us. A regiment arrived in the village, and the few men who guarded us took to flight. Imagine my joy, aunt, when I recognized at a distance the English uniform! From this moment all our miseries were at an end; but then Mademoiselle de Strizzi felt all the embarrassment that a timid and delicate-minded woman would feel on being found in company with a young man with whom she had lived on an intimacy that might cause her virtue to be suspected. So we both availed ourselves with eagerness of the first opportunity of getting to England. On our arrival in London, Giulia rented a house in Grosvenor street. Before parting from me, she repeated to me what her father had very often said to her, 'Charles Eden is the only man whom I wish for your husband.' On my arrival Sir David Baird presented me to the Prince Regent; and every one congratulated me and envies my lot, for Giulia is a rich heiress."

"In fact," said Mrs. Chapman, joyously, "it strikes me, Charles, that you must now be happier than you have ever been; for you are loved."

"Aunt," said the colonel, timidly, "you promised me that, in your turn, you would let me know what has passed."

Mrs. Chapman, more severe than she would perhaps have been had she not perceived that her nephew still loved her daughter, told him how Teresa had married the Earl of Middleham.

"From that day," added Mrs. Chapman, "I have seen less of my daughter every year; and never, even after she became a mother, did I discover the least sensibility in her. If she thinks of her son's future, it is not to secure his happiness, but to gratify her own ambition. Nevertheless, in the midst of the life she has chosen, she has experienced deceptions. The Earl of Middleham is an empty man, full of ridiculous pretensions. Teresa despises him, and still conceals it, and—"

"And," interrupted Charles, hesitatingly, "does she respect, at least, the tie she has imposed upon herself? Who is this Sir Harry Homewood, who is never out of her house?"

"A protégé of the Earl of Middleham," replied Mrs. Chapman; "but make your mind easy, Charles, about this. Teresa will never go astray from any foibles of the heart. Now let us speak of her no more. I hope you will soon let me see your amiable Giulia."

"Teresa, or rather the Countess of Middleham, has not," remarked Charles, "been here for a long time past?"

"She has not," replied his aunt; "and as I was afraid that she might think herself obliged soon to perform that duty, I have written to her, stating that the excellent Mr. Durand, who is now somewhat of an invalid, passes all his evenings with me."

"To-morrow, aunt," said Charles, rising slowly and speaking despondingly, "I will come again and see you."

"To-morrow, then, I shall expect you," said Mrs. Chapman; "but I trust, my dear, you will not be so sad."

"No, aunt," he replied. "But tell me, are you very certain Teresa will not be here?"

"Poor, dear Charles!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman; "you are still sick with love. Alas! how can a heart so good and sensitive as yours retain the image of an ungrateful woman? Think, besides, that Teresa is no longer free. Ah! though she did not show herself to be faithful in love, I trust she will at least remain a chaste wife. Besides, for whom are you preserving so blind a fidelity? For a woman who never loved any one but herself!"

"Oh, aunt! aunt!" exclaimed Charles Eden.

"You consider me, perhaps, very severe towards my daughter," replied Mrs. Chapman, with warmth; "but you are my child also; and when I see that you have been unhappy for ten years from a sentiment that ought for many reasons to have been extinguished, I ought to lay aside all false delicacy. Believe me, that a girl of eighteen, who sacrificed for money a man whom she loved, has not preserved a thought of him in her heart. And then think of Giulia, that poor orphan, who has no longer any one in the world that cares for her but you. If you abandoned her she would not marry; she would not forget you; and the stain that your intimacy has left on her reputation would not be effaced. Come, promise me that you will be reasonable; above all, that you will not attempt to see Teresa."

"For a certainty, aunt, I will not go near her," replied the colonel. "You will press on your marriage, will you not?" inquired his aunt.

"Alas!" said Charles, "we are speaking of marriage, when perhaps I shall soon be compelled to leave for the battle-field. The enemy is again up in arms."

"Marry instantly," replied Mrs. Chapman. "If you should be compelled to leave England again, I will take care of your wife."

"She must not leave you, aunt. And yet it was not—"

"Away with these recollections," said his aunt. "Charles, I shall be displeased with you if you do not drive away these bad thoughts."

"I will drive them away, aunt; yes, I will drive them away."

These words were still vibrating in the ears of Mrs. Chapman, when her nephew pressed to his heart a long lock of Teresa's hair which he had had in his possession for ten years.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PHILOSOPHY.

I hold it well our hearts should know
The full extremes of joy and woe;
To feel this mortal life not made
In all of sunshine or of shade.

I hold it well that we should give
Our joys the right they claim, to live!
Nor sink in childish weakness down
At sorrow's chill or fortune's frown.

I hold it true what'er we do,
In mask of mirth or suffering's thrall,
That, lapsed in years, our smiles and tears,
We have but shadows for them all.

MRS. SQUIZZLE IN WASHINGTON—INCIDENTS OF HER JOURNEY, &c.—HER OPINION OF OUR FIRST PARENTS, &c.

WELL, here I am in Washington, rite in among the fashionable kind uv people.

You see, Sally Mari and I had started for Niagara, when that cold snap came on and froze the fawls over, and as a gentleman who road in the same car with us, said, there woud be nothin worth seain there until the fawls got thawed out. So we came back to New York, and—what do you think?

The Mugginses had all gone to Washington on a jollyfication, and that Mrs. Muggins, she coaxed Jabez oph with her.

I've noticed her tryin tu git around on the rite side of Jabez ever since hes hed his new blew cote with bras buttons; but I've kept my troubles all in my own busom until now.

Sally Mari she did all she could tu consolidate me, but it warnt the leatest bit of use.

I lay inanimate for the space of two ours and a half—during that time had violent attacks of cramp in the stomach, and, at last, went oph into an insensible state, and might have lain there till the present moment had not a lucky thort struck me.

Yes, sez I, rising, the sperits shall be provoked this very nite. I cant abear this agonizing expense of mind another our.

When Sally Mari saw me puttin on my bonit and shawl, she said she'd go with me; so we went up tu Speritual Hawl, for Id seen a notis in the papers that there was to be a lectur on Sperituality there that nite.

The house was crouded, but Sally Mari and I manidged tu squeeze ourselves in.

After the lecturer was over, I was about the furst one tu go up tu the medium. As soon as I was put in contemplation with her, she told me that an evil-minded woman was about tu du me a grate injury, and she was then sittin in my husbands lap. I couldnt stand any more. If I had ever gin Squizzle a cross word or luke, I shouldnt have blamed him for leavin me; but everybody noes Ive bin one uv the most devotedest uv wives, always behaved myself with propriety and dekorum.

O, the ingratitude of mankind, sez I, tu myself, after I got awa from the kroud, but Ill jest let em no Im after em.

Thats rite, mother, sez Sally Mari. You go rite on tu Washington jest as quick as you can, and Ill stay hum and kepe house.

It is needless tu sa I follered her advise, and, when I arrived in Washington, I put up in the same hotel the Mugginses did, and there was Squizzle with them, sure enuf. You ortu hev seen how he opened his eyes when I steped into the room. There he sot, and that hypercritical thing, Mrs. Muggins, klose alongside uv him.

I walked strate up before him, and sez I, Squizzle, look me in the eye!

I reckon I must hev lookt ruther ferocious when I sed that, for Muggins she obskitterated herself out uv the room in a little less than no time at all, and Jabez was about tu follow her when I took him by that long nose of hisen, and sez I, Jabez Squizzle, youve dun follerin that woman. Ive been informed of your conduct by the sperits, and have kum on tu arrest not only you but your pardoner in guilt.

Jabez he undertook tu sa something about Brother Blab and me, but havin, as I said before, a powerful voice of my own, I drowned him out, and he finally gin up entirely, and promised tu have nothin more tu do or sa tu the Mugginses—axed my pardon, which I granted on konsideration that he should take me tu a levee at the White House, which was tu cum oph the next night; he and Muggins both had invitations, and I made up my mind Id create a sensation. So I wore a cherry-colored silk, trimmed up the sides with black velvet, and a cap tu match, of black velvet, red roses and ribin. I had a sort of an idee th-t if I could sez Bew Cannon and git into a confab with him, I could git an appointment uv some kind for Jabez; so I went prepared. When we got tu the White House we found a big crowd collected there, and I began tu think I shouldnt git a sight at Bew Cannon after all; but at last, by crowdin and pushin our way along, we got up tu where he was standin; he reached out his hand tu me, and youd better believe I made jest the purest kind of a kerchie when he spoke tu me, and after a while I axed him if his wife was well. There was considerable snickerin and laffin around us, and Jabez he hit me a punch with his elbo, and sez he, Dont you know that Bew Cannon is a batchelder? A batchelder, sez I; I jest wish Id a brought Sally Mari along; but theres no knowin what turn things may take, so Ill send for her to-morrow. No dout this Mr. Bew Cannon would admire her talent, and if she was tu be thrown in his way, theres no tellin what might come of it. Sally Mari Squizzle Bew Cannon! That sounds well. I havent lost the nack of maneuvrin yet. Just as I was takin a reconsideration of the subject, some gentleman of the krowd that was standin near began to talk of the sins of our first parents; and the way he did abbas poor Eve really hurt my feelings. I never did like the idee of talkin about folks behind their backs; so sez I, its to be hoped that all of you here, from Bew Cannon down, have read about Eve in the Bible; and if you have, you know as well as I that she had no mother, and of course had no kind of a bringin up; so she lent so much tu blame after all. I reckon theres mighty few women in these days but what would bite an apple if it lay in their reach, mother or no mother, particularly when apples are as scarce as they are at present. Some of the fellers laffed, and one of em said there was a plenty of Eves yet in the world.

I noticed the ladies didn't look very well pleased, but that didn't disturb me, so long as I kept in the good graces of Bew Cannon, and as soon as I could I edged along up tu him, and sez I, Mr. Bew Cannon, you look troubled. He smiled, but as he didn't make no reply I went on, and sez I, its no wonder you look troubled, such a heap of cares is wearin you out intirely, tu say nothin about your stupid officers. I'll tell you what, you ortu hev had jist such a feller as Squizzle out there in Kansas instead of Walker, the stupid feller; didn't know any better than tu go and do jest as he was told. Now Squizzle has his opinion of matters and things jest as well as any body else, but Id like to see the man that can worm it out of him.

Bew Cannon looked mity well pleased at what I said, but he didn't make no reply except tu wink, and so I went on, and sez I, theres ways enough tu git around these e-e fellers; let Jabez alone for that. Mr. Bew Cannon he winked again, then he asked me what I thought uv the Mormon difficulties? Sez I, Mr. Buchanan, there is, as I said before, a way tu get around these fellers without spillin blood, or, what is worse, losoin their votes.

Another instance of the stupidity of officers is the conduct of Pawling. Just because he was told tu arrest Walker he thort he must, when it would have been jist as well for him and far better for you to have gone the wrong way in search uv him. He neednt have seen him when he went up the river and landed his forces, for he could have jist looked tother way, and then of course he woudnt hev been accountable, and it would hev saved Walker the trouble of

going back. You see, Mr. Bew Cannon, you want a man tu work for you at these important posts who is interested in your welfare.

Bew Cannon winked again, and jest then somebody called him tu another room on particalar bizness, and I didn't see no more uv him that nite. He squeeze my hand before he left, and I havent the leatest idee but what he means tu do somethin handsome fur Jabez. Three winks and a squeeze must mean somethin.

After Bew Cannon disappeared I didnt find much to amuse me there.

There was hooped skirts and low necks in perfusion. I thort Id seen dressin in New York, but the Washingtonians beat everything in the way of dress that Ive seen yet.

If Sally Mari hed only bin there in her short dress and pantallets, no doubt shed hev taken the lead. As the poet says, she's the observed uv all observers wherever she goes.

I felt a little disappointed that I couldnt sa a few words to Bew Cannon about Sally Mari, but we hev an opportunity of meetin him again next weak, and I hope by that time to hev the deer girl with me.

I noticed most all the ladies sang and played the peanny, and Mr. Dougwell, or some sich a name, really insisted on my playin; of course I reclined, fur very good reasons.

The next mornin I told Jabez tu go out and find a music teacher. I dont like tu be behind the times, and I told him so. He warnt gone morn an our afore he cum back with a furrin lookin feller with his fase half kuvered up with mustaches.

He called himself Professor Frizzyroarer, and sed he understood vokal musick, and with that he walked up to the peanny and begun such a rattlin of keys and singin all together that I thort the hull top of my head was risin.

Purty soon he turned around tu me, and, sez he, madam, sound this note with me.

I went tu work, openin my mouth and makin jest sich faces as Id seen him make, but it was some time afore the sound would cum. He looked orful cross at me, and, sez he, madam, you made a discord. Sez I, I think your mistaken; I hante made no kind uv a kord.

Nor arnt likely to, sez he; but try again, and raize your voice a note higher.

I reckon I raised my voice hi enuf for him this time, fur I giv sich a screech that he actually riz up and turned round. Madam, sez he, this is past endurance. You kouldnt make a more frightful sound if you were dyin. Upon that he took his hat and was on the point of leavin, when I steped up to him, and, sez I,

You cant expect a woman of sixty to have a voice like a young girl; and, besides, my teeth are all gone, fur which, if you was at all reasonable, youd make allowances—

Sixty years of age, teeth all gone, and jist taking lessons in vokal music, sez he, rushin past me, and down stairs into the street.

Jabez thort after that I had better give up the idee of takin musio lessons, but I jest told him I warnt a goin tu be diskouridged by no Frizzyroarers; it was the old peanny that made discords instead uv my voice, and I no it; and Muggins (who has, as everybody noes, an ear for music) often says I have a rich voice, if it was only kultivated.

That evenin I got a letter from Sally Mari, and when Jabez cum in from the barbers, I red it aloud tu him. It is one of her most brilliant efforts, as you will observe:

LIFE IN THE CITY.

You ask me how I pass the time,
Dear mother, while you are awa;
I arnser you in writin ryme,
A d colonading on Broadwa.

I have a new admiral here,
His name I w uld but cannot tell;
He wears the most expensive firs,
And stops at an up-town hotel.

He has dark eyes and darker hare,
An intellectual, thortful iase—
A furrin and distingued air,
And walks the streets with sich a grace.

His manner I cannot discribe;
He has a sweet and winning wa,
And lives upon the interest
Of what he owes, the people sa.

There is tu be a party here,
For tu releave the sufferin poor;
The wimmin dress in kalliker,
And leave their dresses at the dore.

Of other news there's nun tu rite,
The same old story every da—
A fire, a murder, a street light,
And thus we pass the time awa.

Dear mother, let me no full soon
How you found Squizzle—when and where;
Do you stop long in Washington,
And is old Mother Muggins there?

Have you the Little Jiant met,
And have you heard him speechify?
Pray learn if he is married yet,
And tu my letter soon repli.

I shall write fur her tu cum down here to-morrow. I have found a very purty cottage, which Jabez thinks uv buyin, and livin in Washington altogether. Tu be sure, it is at present rather small, but as I sed tu Jabez, we can build an imposition in the rear, and a condition in front; then, with a tyrandy around it, it will be suitable tu reseave the Members of Kongress and sich like company. I dont mind Mugginses comin in uv an evenin, and Ive told him so; but that disatful wift uv hisen must keep her distance.

I dont mean tu git sot up and put on airs above my Konkapot friends in the country, but they must be inspirin, or I shall hev tu drop em.

MESSRS. BARRY & PATTEN, PROPRIETORS OF THE EXCHANGE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE great metropolitan city of the Pacific coast presents many peculiarities nowhere else to be met with in the world, and one of these peculiarities is the far-famed "Exchange" kept by T. A. Barry and B. A. Patten, Esqs. This establishment has, under the able management of its proprietors, become to San Francisco what "Lloyd's" is to London, or "Livingston's" to Paris, a place where the "solid men" meet to exchange ideas on business, and invigorate the flagging energies by some wholesome refreshment. The traveller, the idler, the man about town, and the indefatigable member of the press are in turn all to be met with at the "Exchange;" and if one desires to see anybody, he goes to that great centre and is sure to realize his expectations. Messrs. Barry & Patten were originally from Boston, and have transplanted to their new homes all the energy and practical character peculiar to the "land of steady habits," while they have, at the same time, adopted the broader field of social action that is demanded by men of the world. They have always been celebrated for their refined taste, excellent manners, and noble generosity of heart—for while they greet their friends, they have never turned away from the deserving poor, or refused to aid the distressed. Foremost in every subscription for the public benefit and i private charity, they have presented examples that have deservedly earned for them the liberal and constantly-increasing business which they command, and the high respect they receive in every social circle.

Power of the Sun.

A distinguished chemist, in a recent lecture, while showing that all species of moving power have their origin in the rays of the sun, stated that while the iron tubular railroad bridge over the Menai straits in England, four hundred feet long, bent half an inch under the heaviest pressure of a train, it will end up an inch and a half from its usual horizontal line, when the sun shines upon it for some hours. He stated that the Bunker Hill monument is higher in the evening than in the morning of a sunny day; the little sunbeams enter the pores of the stones like so many wedges, lifting it up.

Flight of Pigeons.

Millions of wild pigeons passed over the city of Louisville lately, in their flight north. The flock seemed more than a mile long, and they flew much higher than usual. Their flight north is indicative of mild weather the balance of the winter.

MADemoiselle Rachel.

SEVENTEEN years ago, Felix, his wife and children, after passing a wandering life, came to Paris, where Sarah, the eldest daughter, for a living sang at the cafes, and Rachel accompanied her indifferently well on the guitar, and very enterprisingly collected the few pennies which followed as a reward for the musical demonstration. A clerk employed in one of the government offices, attracted by Rachel's manner, exerted influence enough to have her placed in a school of education and declamation—the head of which was an eminent actor, who soon appreciated Rachel's abilities, and took the utmost pains to cultivate her natural talent for the stage. Her original taste was for the comic, and up to the time of her death, she indulged the idea that in it she could succeed. That she was successful at once as an actress can be imagined; from the pupil theatre of the school she went to the Conservatoire, from it to the Gymnase, where she had an engagement at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars for the year. It was at the commencement of her theatrical career that she took the name of Rachel, having previously been known as Elizabeth. In spite of the cordial endorsement of the best critics in Paris, Rachel's first appearance was not a success, and from a first position she was put back to the third or fourth rank. Her transcendent abilities finally conquered her the place which she was entitled to fill, and her brilliant career is familiar to our readers.

Although grasping to an excess in money matters, she was prodigally indulgent to her family, and performed faithfully all the duties of a daughter, sister and mother. As she rose in fortune she elevated her family with her; volumes of detraction are obliterated by this one interesting fact. On the French stage she has no successor; with her the classic drama will probably disappear.

Considering her origin and early associations, Rachel's life off the stage was undoubtedly more remarkable than that which she exhibited before the "footlights." When a mere girl she was caressed by the "best society of Paris;" but in the presence of titled dames, church dignitaries, or royalty itself, did she ever appear other than in her natural place; a modest, graceful dignity never forsook her, nor was there ever in society any of that nervous agitation which embarrassed and sometimes almost convulsed her, throughout her theatrical career, wherever she appeared upon the stage. She had not many friends outside of her own domestic circle, but whenever she chose she could make herself irresistibly attractive. Her letters are often admirably turned, and her conversation was charming to men of judgment and men of wit. This was due not only to her own quickness and brilliancy of repartee, but also to a singular justness, wisdom and breadth of understanding which she knew how to exhibit.

The fatal malady of which she died, it is melancholy to record, was contracted in this country, during her visit to Boston in the autumn of 1855. It was aggravated on subsequent occasions. Her last appearance on the stage was at Charleston, S. C., when she played Adrienne Lecouvreur. It was prophesied on that night that she would never act again. Although by many supposed to be a Romanist, she died in the full belief of the Jewish religion. A rabbi of Toulon attended her deathbed, and her remains are finally to repose in the Hebrew cemetery at Paris.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY HAVELOCK.

WHILE Wellington lived, the English people had a military hero who, in this particular, quite satisfied their desires; since his death there has been a great want realized—a military hero was in demand, yet none was to be had. The Crimean war "sent home no heroes;" the farce was gone through with of rewarding the sons of the nobility with orders, but it was felt that Britain had added nothing to her laurels, and that the race of heroes was apparently extinct. The sudden outbreak in India left the war to "vulgar hands." There were no pets of the aristocracy in the Indian jungles, and consequently there were valor and bravery displayed among the officers and men, such as revived the old prestige of England's superiority.

Among those who thus rose from the common level was Major-Gen. Havelock, who for nearly three-score years had been toiling unnoticed and unknown in a distant land, but who, having an opportunity, displayed abilities of the highest order, and showed that he was a man of extraordinary character—one who, if he had commanded in the Crimea, would have given British arms in their true position, and made them not only victorious, but placed them in the van where rival nations were struggling for superiority.

England—that is, the people and the aristocracy—had agreed to look upon Havelock as a hero. The people felt proud of him, for he asserted the prerogative of human nature; the aristocracy were satisfied because they could not do better, and they had none of their own class to idolize. It was therefore agreed that when Gen. Havelock returned to London he should have an ovation, and we have no doubt that his reception would have been one of the most glorious ever accorded to a veteran soldier, and the display would have been sympathized in by the admiring world. It was a hard fate that the hero should never even know of the honors that awaited him. Tardy in these presentations, forced by necessity from the "fountain of honor," they had welled up at last, but their worthy recipient was in the silent grave before they had been carried into execution. Pity indeed is it that England could not agree to reward Havelock's memory by looking after the interests of other Havelocks, who fill her armies with unnoticed heroes—men who are full of natural ability, but are never honored because they are not of the "favored few."

The news of General Havelock's death created a profound

sensation throughout the civilized world. In the United States there has been a spontaneous tribute to his memory, such as was never paid any other foreigner. In all the principal seaports the flags of the shipping were raised half-mast, and in every social circle and public gathering his decease has been mentioned with heartfelt regret. We but recently gave a full account of his military career up to the time he first attracted attention in the sepoy war. A recapitulation of the most startling incidents connected with General Havelock's career in the recent rebellion is all that is necessary. With the greater portion of the 64th and 78th regiments he first attacked the mutineers at Futtpore on the 12th of July, and on the 16th at Asung and at Pandoo Nuddee; on the 16th at Cawnpore he had a horse shot under him, and the enemy lost twenty-three guns. Advancing from Cawnpore on the 29th, he captured Oonao, Buserut Gunge, and nineteen guns. This position he was obliged to give up, but retook it on the 5th of August, inflicting great slaughter. On the 12th August he again defeated the mutineers, and on the 16th attacked them at Bithoor. Eventually receiving reinforcements under Sir James Outram, he entered Lucknow on the 25th of September, and held his ground there until the garrison was finally relieved by Sir Colin Campbell on the 17th November.

THE NEWGATE OF CONNECTICUT.

NEAR the base of the Greenstone Mountain, in Granby, and on a slight eminence, stands the strong and gloomy building known as the Old State Prison of Connecticut. In the time of the Revolution it went by the appellation "Newgate," so called after



THE LATE MDLLE. RACHEL, THE EMINENT FRENCH TRAGEDIENNE.

its London namesake, and, in proportion to its size, it was scarcely less hideous and terrible than that renowned dungeon of the Old World.

"Copper Hill" was also a frequent designation of this site, owing to the fact that copper mines were there worked to some extent in former times. A company in England was formed for carrying on the mining business, and wells were dug on this eminence, one of which was eighty feet deep, and a shaft was sunk through the solid rock nearly forty feet in depth. Many hundred pounds of rock and ore were brought into the upper air from these subterranean places. But disaster attended the enterprise, and it was soon abandoned. Years afterwards, these very caverns were occupied as prison-cells for the lodgment of Tories, a consummation which was probably not anticipated by the British miners when they hewed out these cavities.

The first keeper of these Tory prisoners was Captain Viets, who dwelt near, and supplied them with provisions. His usual custom, when bringing their food, was to pass through an ante-room leading to their cells, which he locked after him, and to bring it to the inner door. The inmates quietly took note of all these things, and laid their plans accordingly. On one occasion they crowded into a corner in this ante-room, behind the door, out of range of the eye, and the keeper, glancing through the grating, concluded they were safe in the farther cell, and entered without much precaution. They instantly fell upon him, seized the key, locked him safely in, and effected their escape. His involuntary imprisonment was not discovered until some time afterwards, when he was liberated, and a brisk pursuit organized, which terminated in the capture of the fugitives.

Thieves, burglars, and other criminals confined in the same prison, were employed in working the copper mines for awhile,

and in 1776 they attempted a desperate escape. A passage for draining had been opened from the bottom of the mines, through the hills, and the mouth of this passage was closed by a massive wooden door. By dint of long perseverance and effort they had collected a few combustibles, and, with flint and steel, a fire was kindled against the door. It burned fiercely even in that damp place; but the prisoners had miscalculated the effects of their plan. The lurid flames and thick smoke soon filled the place, and nearly suffocated the blinded and terrified inmates; the alarm was given, and search followed. One perished, and five others were dragged out senseless, but afterwards recovered.

It would seem that one experiment of the kind might be sufficient, but this was not the case. A wooden building above, ground, where they were placed, was set on fire by their means, and burned to the ground. Many escaped on this occasion, and but few were retaken.

In 1790 Newgate was strengthened, and new buildings were erected, but the deep caverns remained as gloomy and sepulchral as ever. On the sides, and in the niches of the rock, rooms were built of rough boards for the prisoner, and a handful of coarse straw sufficed for their beds. The horrors of this dungeon can scarcely be described. The vast rock impending overhead, the dripping water oozing from its sides, and the awful subterranean echoes roused by the slightest sound, made it a place of fear and terror to the strongest mind.

The hatches were thrown open, and the prisoners called out of their dungeon each morning at daybreak, and a gloomy spectacle they presented, coming from the black darkness of the cells with clanking chains and fierce countenances. Their rations were delivered to them in their cells, and the captives fastened upon them like famished wolves. Each divided his day's allowance to suit himself—some cooked it more to their tastes, in small kettles, and others devoured it with ravenous appetites. They changed rations and bartered and sold at pleasure, and not unfrequently, when the allowances were exchanged for cider and ardent spirits, they would get so thoroughly intoxicated that all work was out of the question.

The punishments inflicted for all misdemeanors were severe flogging, incarceration in the stocks, being kept on bread and water, double or even treble sets of fetters, hanging by the heels, &c., all of which harsh proceedings could hardly restrain their savage dispositions, or ward off revolutions.

About this time one convict, Newel by name, escaped in a curious manner, by digging out! The prisoners were allowed at night either to lodge in the stone cellar under the guard-room, which they usually called "the stone jug," or to go down to the cavern beneath. A suspicious noise was overheard by the guard, in the middle of the night, but on going down to reconnoitre, nothing was found wrong. But the next day one was minus. The convicts had managed to loosen and pull out one of the large cubic stones of the floor, and then dug a hole under the pavement and wall large enough for a man to creep out! When the guard came down in the night the quick ears of the conspirators had caught the sound of their footsteps, and they instantly replaced the stone, thus concealing their proceedings. Newel, who was a slight, slender man, had made good his escape before the catastrophe, and was never recaptured.

On one occasion, soon after this, the convicts rebelled against the guard. Nearly all the officials were sick, and the duties devolved chiefly on one Forward. The prisoners, always on the lookout for a favorable opportunity, seized joyously on this. One evening while they were as usual filing down the ladder to their subterranean sleeping apartments, under the surveillance of Forward, the few last refused to go down, and attempted to attack their guard. The latter, a stately, robust man, full six feet in stature, was not at all awed by this proceeding, but seized his assailants, one by the neck and another by the heels, and pitched them down the shaft on the heads of the rest, who were now coming up in accordance with their concealed plan. The neighbors hearing a noise ran to Forward's assistance, but their presence was not needed, as the gallant guard had already driven his foes triumphantly into their dungeon.

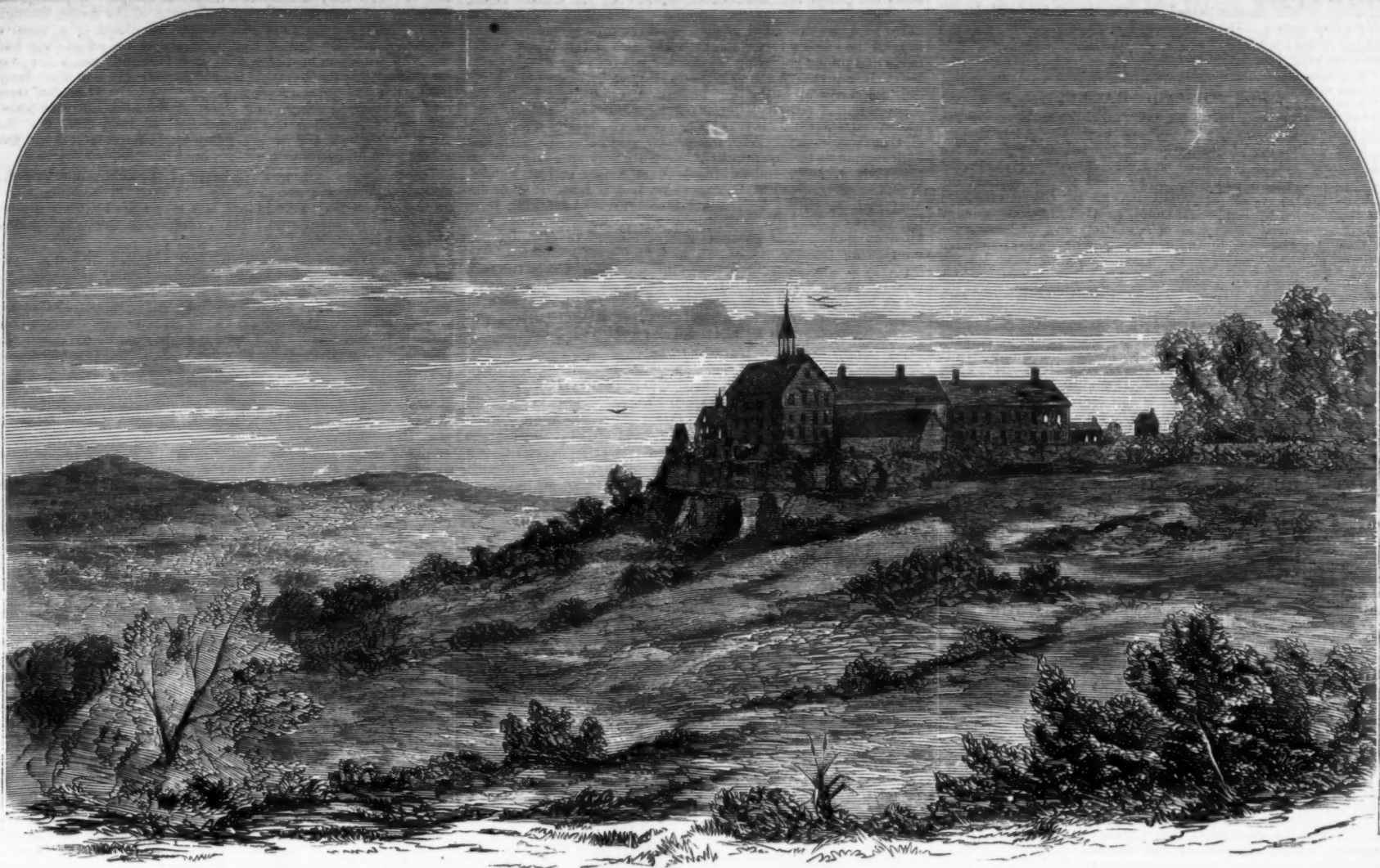
In 1806 a more serious rebellion took place. Thirty convicts, employed in making nails, had procured rude keys, fashioned from the pewter buttons on their garments, with which they proposed to unlock their chains. The revolt was planned, and the keys made by three brothers, by far the handsomest and most active men in Newgate, very skillful and ingenious, and able to construct almost anything in a mechanical way. They were imprisoned for burglary—twice for the same crime, and were all accustomed to tampering with locks and keys.

It was arranged that a shovel should be struck against the chimney, as a signal, and thereupon the fetters were to be unlocked, and the guard attacked. The concerted signal was given; the fetters flew off as if by magic, and the attack began. They were encountered bravely, however, by the guard. One of the rebels was shot dead on the spot, his brains being scattered on the walls; and his accomplices, witnessing this summary mode of defence, lost courage, and were soon in irons, and thus ended this scheme of escape.

The three brothers were treated as dangerous characters after this occurrence, and were bound with two sets of chains, and fettered to the block during the day, besides being frequently chained by their necks to beams above, and at night they were confined in the dungeons, and their feet fastened in stocks.

Some of the convicts here incarcerated were singular characters. One of them had acquired great notoriety for personating priests. His pretended piety came on violently at times, and as an unordained minister, he frequently deceived even the most experienced. He was in the habit of personating many other characters, and deceit seemed even more natural to him than his own proper self. When the period of his durance expired, and he was leaving the prison, one of the convicts called out, "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth, for the devil has gone out among them!"

Prince Mortimer, another, was an aged negro, who died in prison at the advanced age of one hundred and ten years! He



NEWGATE, THE OLD STATE PRISON OF CONNECTICUT.

had been servant to various officers in the Revolutionary war, and had had the honor of going on numerous errands for General Washington. During his last days, frequent efforts were made to induce him to quit the prison; once he sallied forth, and after wandering around a little while, returned to the dungeon, and begged piteously to be allowed to end his days in his prison-home!

Dublin, an Irishman, whose quaint humor frequently served to entertain the other prisoners, nearly made good his escape over the palings. He succeeded in mounting on the top, but unfortunately, as he sprang down, his chains caught in the iron spikes with which the railing was adorned, and to use his own graphic expression, he was "turned t'other end up" in an instant. For some time he hung, like Mahomet's coffin, betwixt Heaven and earth, seventeen feet high; but at length, after tearing off his finger ends and nails in his struggles, he contrived to twist himself around, so as to disentangle his feet, and fell like a cat to the ground. He crept softly away through the swamps and bushes, where he remained until starvation drove him out; and after lurking around in the neighborhood for a few days, was detected from the noise he made in trying to break his fetters with a stone. "Dublin," called one of the guard, who overheard him, "what are you doing? You must come with me!" "Faith, sir, surely this isn't me!" replied the honest son of Erin; but in spite of his protestations, he was taken back to the prison, and reinstated in his old quarters.

One Smith, while confined at Newgate for passing counterfeit money, wrote an account of his own life, relating many curious circumstances. One incident, as given in his own words, is not unworthy of a place in our record, though not directly relative to prison life. It seems that he had at one time been a recruiting officer at Plattsburg, and he gives the following reminiscence of his experience there:

"One evening I, with several other non-commissioned officers, had been taking a walk, when, on our return, I saw by a light through the window of the house, something very carefully rolled up lying on a table under the window. No one was in the room, and thinking to get something rare and fresh for supper, I raised the window, and, on putting my hand in, judged by the ribs and size of the booty that it was a fine roaster, and I instantly secured the prize. Slipping it under my coat, I said nothing about it to my comrades until our arrival at my quarters, where I had invited them to accept of some refreshment. After striking a light and introducing a bottle of brandy, I thought it a good opportunity to produce my tit-bit. All was eagerness and expectation, when lo! to my utter surprise and astonishment, it had turned from a roaster to a colored child! The hearty laughter that followed can easily be imagined, while my wits instantly set to work to devise some way of getting out of the hobble, and restoring the infant, undiscovered, to its proper owners, who were doubtless mourning the loss of their darling child!

"I took it again under my coat, and went to obtain leave to return to the village. On asking Lieutenant Ellison, who was officer of the guard, he discovered something white hanging below my coat, and insisted on knowing what it was. On hearing the whole secret, he laughed heartily and told me to go.

"When I reached the place, the house was filled with both men and women, who, having missed the child, were in great dismay and perplexity. I thought at first of leaving it at the door, but fearing the numerous hogs in the vicinity would destroy it, I altered my mind, and taking it by the heels, threw it into the room among them! What must have been their feelings to see it re-appear among them, and to feel at the same time the effects of innumerable particles of broken glass, which flew in all directions over the room. The screaming, tumult and uproar are indescribable; people flocked into the house and street, and under

cover of the general confusion I contrived to escape, undiscovered, to the barracks!"

Newman, another convict, was a notorious prison breaker, who had contrived by various manoeuvres to escape from several prisons, both in Canada and the United States, but Newgate, he declared, "was the hardest and most secure place he ever entered!" However, his quick ingenuity devised several plans for escape. On one occasion he went through the various "motions" of dying, and was actually laid out as a corpse, and preparations made for his interment. But before the coffin lid was screwed down, he judged it most prudent to have his resurrection, and facetiously observed to his terrified and astounded attendants, that "he would feel quite as comfortable in his long home, if he could only get the breath out of his body and make his heart stop beating!"

Among this nondescript crew was a thief, who had been imprisoned for horse-stealing, but who in earlier youth had been one of a horde of barbarous pirates. Many chests of their booty had been buried, according to his dark hints, on the coast of North Carolina. He escaped from prison by bribery, as was supposed, and went South, where he employed several men in digging on the beach in quest of his hidden wealth. But the search was vain—the storms and waves had beat too long upon the beach, and had probably swept the treasures into the ocean years before! He returned to Connecticut, was again indicted for horse-stealing, and finally died within the prison walls.

The last tragedy that took place at Newgate happened on the night before the removal to Wethersfield prison, and the victim was an adroit criminal who had been committed for twenty years, for counterfeiting. On that particular night he asked leave to sleep in the dungeon, which was granted. From some neglect—whether intentional or accidental has never been ascertained—the hatch that covered one of the wells communicating with the cavern was unfastened. During the night, he seized the well rope and climbed part of the way up on it, when it suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated into the water below. A bucket also fell on his head; the noise was audible above, and on search being made he was found dead.

Thus ended the drama of crime, rebellion and stratagem which was enacted for years within the strong walls of the Newgate of Connecticut. The old prison buildings were disposed of, at an almost nominal sum, to a mining company, who have expended many thousands of dollars in costly preparations for working

the mines, but owing to various business reverses, the schemes have not been very productive.

But even though the strong and massive erections have been applied to peaceful purposes, it is impossible to divest them of the old associations of daring assault and dark crimes, and to every beholder a fearful interest still adheres to the stern walls of the Newgate of Connecticut.

DAVENPORT DUNN: A MAN OF OUR DAY.

By Charles Lever,

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CHAPTER XXIV.—THE COTTAGE.

DAVENPORT DUNN had but little leisure to think about Conway or poor Kellett. A change of Ministry had just occurred in England, and men's minds were all eagerly speculating who was "to come in." Crowds of country gentlemen flocked up to Dublin, and "rising men" of all shades of opinion anxiously paraded their own claims to notice. Dunn's house was besieged from morning to night by visitors, all firmly persuaded that he must know more of the coming event than any one. Whether such was really the case, or that he deemed it good policy to maintain the delusion, Dunn affected a slight indisposition, and refused to admit any visitor. Mr. Clowes, indeed, informed the inquirers that it was a mere passing ailment—"a slight derangement in the bronchitis," he said; but he rigidly maintained the blockade, and suffered none to infringe it.

Of course a hundred rumors gave their own version of this illness. It was spleen; it was indignation; the Government had thrown him over; he had been refused the Secretaryship which he had formerly applied for. Others averred that his attack was most serious—an ossification or a schirrous of some cartilage, a thing always fatal and dreadfully painful. Some went further. It was his prosperity was in peril. Over speculation had jeopardized him, and he was deep in the "Crédit Mobilier." Now all this time the disappointed politician, the hopeless invalid, and the ruined speculator, ate and drank well, received and wrote replies to innumerable confidential notes from those in power, and carefully drew up a list of such as he desired to recommend to the Government for place and employment.

Every morning Sir Maurice Dashwood's well-appointed cab drew up at his door, and the lively baronet would dash up the stairs to Dunn's room with all the elasticity of youth, and more real energy than is the fortune of one young fellow in a thousand. With a consummate knowledge of men and the world, he was second to none in his profession. He felt he could afford to indulge in the gay and buoyant spirit with which Nature had blessed him, and even, doctor that he was, take his share in all the sports of the field and all the pleasures of society.

"Well, Dunn," cried he gaily, one morning, as he entered the carefully darkened room where the other sat, surrounded with papers and deep in affairs. "I think you may accept your bill of health, and come out of dock to-morrow. They are gazetted now, and the world is as wise as yourself."

"So I mean to do," said Dunn. "I intend to dine with the Chancellor. What is said about the new Government?"

"Very little. There is really little to say. They are nearly the same pieces, only placed differently on the board. This trumpety cry about 'right men in right places' will lead to all kinds of confusion, since it will eternally suggest choices, which, in plain words, means newspaper dictation."

"As good as any other dictation; better, in one respect, for it so often recants its judgments," said Dunn, sarcastically.

"Well, they are unanimous about you this morning. They are all eagerly inquiring in what way the Government propose to recognize the services



INTERIOR OF A VAULT IN NEWGATE, THE OLD STATE PRISON, GRANBY, COCK.

of one of the ablest men and most disinterested patriots of our day."

"I don't want anything from them," said Dunn, testily, and walking to the window to avoid the keen, sharp glance the other bent upon him.

"The best way to get it when you do want," said Dashwood. "By the way, what's our new Viceroy like?"

"A very good appointment, indeed," said Dunn, gravely.

"Oh, I don't mean that. I want to know what he is personally; is he stiff, haughty, grave, gay, stand-off, or affable?"

"I should say, from what I have seen of Lord Allington, that he is one of those men who are grave, without sadness."

"Come, come, never mind the antithesis; does he care for society? does he like sport? is he free-handed? or, has he only come here with the traditional policy, to 'drain Ireland'?"

"You'll like him much," said Dunn, in his natural voice, "and he'll like you."

Sir Maurice smiled, as though to say, "I could answer as much for myself;" and then asked, "Have you known him long?"

"No; that is, not very long," said Dunn, hesitating, "nor very intimately. Why do you ask?"

"Just because I want to get something—at once, too. There's a poor fellow, a patient of mine now—we were brother officers once—in a very sad way. Your friends of the Encumbered Court have just been selling him out, and by the shock they have so stunned him, that his brain has been attacked; at present it does not seem so formidable, but it will end in softening, and all the rest of it. Now, if they'd make him something at once—quickly it must be—he could drop out on some small retired allowance; anything, in short, that would support him."

"But what is it to be?" asked Dunn.

"Whatever you like to make him. It can scarcely be a bishop, for he's not in orders; nor a judge, for he was not called to the bar; but why not a commissioner of something? you have them for all purposes, and of all degrees."

"You take a low estimate of commissionerships, I perceive," said Dunn, smiling.

"They are row-boats where two or three pull, and the rest only dip their oars. But come, promise me you'll look to it; take a note of the name—Paul Kellett, a man of excellent family, and once with a large landed property."

"I know him," said Dunn, with peculiar significance.

"And know nothing to his disadvantage, I'm certain. He was a good officer, and a kind-hearted fellow whom we all liked. And there he is now," added he, after a pause, "with a charming girl—his daughter—and I really don't believe they have a fire-pound note in the world. You must do this for me, Dunn. I'm bent upon it."

"I'll see what can be done about it. Anything like a job is always a difficulty."

"And everything is a job here, Dunn, and no man knows better how to deal with one; and so saying, and with a pleasant laugh, the gay-hearted doctor hurried away, to carry hope and some portion at least of his own cheery nature into many a darkened sick-room."

Though several names were announced, with pressing entreaties for an audience, Dunn would see no one. He continued to walk up and down the room deep in thought, and seemed resolved that none should interrupt him. There were events enough to occupy, cases enough to engage him—high questions of policy, deep matters of interest, all that can stimulate ambition, all that can awaken energy—and yet, amidst all, where were his thoughts straying? They were away to the years of his early boyhood, when he had been Paul Kellett's playfellow, and when he was admitted—a rare honor—to the little dinner of the nursery! What a strange thing it was that it was "there and then" his first studies of life and character should have been made; that it was there and then he first moulded himself to the temper and ways of another; conforming to caprices, and tending to inclinations not his own. Stern tyrants were these child masters! how they did presume upon their high station! how severely did they make him feel the distance between them, and what arts did they teach him! what subtle devices to outwit their own imperiousness and give him the mastery over them! To these memories succeeded others more painful still, and Dunn's brow contracted and his lips became tight-drawn as he recollected them.

"I suppose even my father would allow that the debt is acquitted now," muttered he to himself. "I'll go and see them!" said he, after a moment; "such a sight will teach me how far I have travelled in life."

He gently descended a private stair that led to the garden, and passing out by the stables, soon gained the street. Walking rapidly on to the first stand, he engaged a car, and started for Clontarf.

If Davenport Dunn never gave way to a passion for revenge in life, it was in some sort because he deemed it a luxury above his means. He often fancied to himself that the time might come when he could indulge in this pleasure, just as now he revelled in a thousand others, which once had seemed as remote. His theory was that he had not yet attained that eminence whence he could dispense with all aid, and he knew not what man's services at any moment might be useful to him. Still, with all this, he never ceased to enjoy whatever of evil fortune befel those who even in times past had injured him. To measure their destiny with his now, was like striking a balance with Fate—a balance so strong in his favor—and when he had not actually contributed to their downfall, he deemed himself high-minded, generous and pure-hearted.

It was reflecting in this wise he drove along, and at last drew up at Kellett's door; his knock was answered by Sybella herself, whose careworn features and faded look scarcely reminded him of her appearance as first he saw her, flushed and excited by exercise.

"I thought I'd come myself and ask after him," said Dunn, as he explained the object of his visit.

"He was scarcely consciousness enough to thank you," said she, mournfully, "but I am very grateful to you;" and she preceded him into the room, where her father sat in the self-same attitude as before.

"He doesn't know me," whispered Dunn, as the sick man's gaze was turned to him without the slightest sign of recognition. "He doesn't know me!"

"I do. I know you well, Davenport Dunn, and I know why you come here," said Kellett, with a distinctness that startled them both. "Leave us alone together, Bella, darling, we want to talk privately."

Sybella was so astounded at this sudden show of intelligence, that she scarcely knew how to take it, or what to do; but at a gesture from Dunn, she stepped noiselessly from the room, and left them together.

"You must not excite yourself, Kellett, nor prejudice your prospect of recovery by any exertion; there will be time enough for matters of business hereafter."

"No, there won't; that's the reason I want to talk to you now," said Kellett, sharply. "I know well enough my time is short here."

Dunn began some phrase of cheering meaning, but the other stopped him abruptly, and said,

"There, there, don't be losing time that way. Is that the touch of a man long for this world?" and he laid on the other's hand his own hot and burning fingers. "I said I knew why you came here, Dunn," continued he, more strongly; "it was to look at your work. Ay, just so. It was you brought me to this, and you wanted to see it. Turn your eyes round the room, and you'll see it's poor enough. Look in at that bedroom there, and you'll see it couldn't be much more humble! I pawned my watch yesterday; there's all that's out of it;" and he showed some pieces of silver and copper mixed together in the palm of his hand; "there's not a silver spoon left, so that you see you've done it well!"

"My dear Kellett, these words of yours have no meaning in them."

"Maybe not; but maybe you understand them for all that! Look here now, Dunn," said he, clutching his hand in his own feverish grasp; "what the child begins the man finishes! I know you well, and I've watched you for many a year. All your plans and schemes never deceived me; but it's a house of cards you're building after all! What I knew about you as a boy others may know as a man; and I wouldn't believe St. Peter if he told me you only did it once!"

"If this be not raving, it is a deliberate insult!" muttered Dunn, sternly, while he rudely pushed away the other's hand, and drew back his chair.

"Well, it's not raving, whatever it is," said Kellett, calmly. "The cold air of the earth that's opening for me clears my brain,

and I know well the words I'm saying, and the warning I'm giving you. Tell the people fairly that it's only scheming you were; that the companies are a bubble and the banks a sham; that you're only juggling this man's credit against that, making the people think that you have the confidence of the Government, and the Government believe that you can do what you like with the people. Go at once and publish it that you are only cheating them all, or you'll have a gloomier ending even than this!"

"I came here out of compassion for you."

"No you didn't, not a bit of it. You came to tell old Matt Dunn that the score was wiped off; as came to the window here this morning and looked in at me."

"My father? Impossible! He's nearly ninety, and barely able to move about a room."

"I don't care for that; there he was, where you see that bush, and he leaned on the window-sill and looked at me; and he wiped the glass where his breath dulled it twice. Then I gave a shout at him that sent him off. They had to carry him to the car outside."

"Is this true?" cried Dunn, eagerly.

"If I had had but the strength to bring me to the window, it's little I'd have minded his white hair."

"If you had dared!" said Dunn, rising, and no longer able to control his anger.

"Don't go yet; I have more to say to you," cried he, stretching out his hands towards him. "You think, because your roguesy is succeeding, that you are great and respected. Not a bit; the gentlemen won't have you, and your own sort won't have you. There's not an honest man would eat your salt—there's not an honest girl would bear your name. There you stand as much alone in the world as if you came out of another country, and you're the only man in Ireland doesn't see it."

Dunn darted from the room as the last words were uttered, and gained the road. So overwhelmed was he by rage and astonishment that it was some minutes ere he could remember where he was, or whither he would go.

"To Belvidere," said he to the carman, pointing in the direction of the low shore, where his father lived; "drive your best pace." Then suddenly changing his mind, he said, "No, to town."

"Is he gone, Bella?" said Kellett, as his daughter entered.

"Yes, and before I could thank him for his coming."

"I think I said enough," said he, with a fierce laugh, which made her suddenly turn and look at him.

It was all she could do to suppress a sudden cry of horror, for one side of his face was distorted by palsy, and the mouth drawn all awry.

"What's this here, Bella?" said he, trying to touch his cheek with his hand; "a kind of stiffness—a sort of—Eh, are you crying, darling?"

"No; it was something in my eye pained me," said she, turning away to hide her face.

"Give me a looking-glass, quickly," cried he.

"No, no," said she, forcing a laugh; "you have not shaved these two days, and you are quite neglected-looking. You shan't see yourself in such a state."

"Bring it this minute, I say," said he, passionately, and in a voice that grew less and less articulate every moment.

"Now pray be patient, dearest papa."

"Then I'll go for it myself," and with these words he grasped the arm of the chair and tried to rise.

"There, there," said she, softly forcing him back into his seat. "I'll fetch it at once. I wish you would be persuaded, dear papa," began she, still holding the glass in her hands. But he snatched it rudely from her, and placed it before him.

"That's what it is," said he, at last; "handsome Paul Kellett they used to call me at Corfu. I wonder what they'd say now."

"It is a mere passing thing, a spasm of some kind."

"Ay," said he, with a mocking laugh, to which the distortion imparted a shocking expression. "Both sides will be the same—tomorrow or next day—I know that."

She could hear no more, but covering her face with her hands, sobbed bitterly.

Kellett still continued to look at himself in the glass, and whether the contortion was produced by the malady or a passing emotion, a half-sardonic laugh was on his features, as he said, "I was wrong when I said I'd never be chap-fallen."

CHAPTER XXV.—A CHURCHYARD.

THERE came every now and then, in our strange climate, winter days which imitate spring, with softened sunlight, glistening leaves, and warbling birds; even the streams unite in the delusion and run clearly along with eddying circles, making soft music among the stones. These delicious intervals are full of pleasant influences, and the garden breath that floats into the open drawing-room brings hope as well as health on its wings. It was on such a morning a little funeral procession entered the gateway of the ruined church at Kellester, and wound its way towards an obscure corner where an open grave was seen. With the exception of one solitary individual it was easy to perceive that they who followed the coffin were either the hired mourners or some stray passers-by indulging a sad curiosity in listlessness. It was poor Kellett's corpse was borne along, with Conway walking after it.

The mournful task over—and the attendants gone—Conway lingered about among the graves, now reading the sad records of surviving affection—now stopping to listen to the high-sounding lark whose shrill notes vibrated in the thin air. "Poor Jack!" thought he, aloud; "he little knows the sad office I have had this morning. He always was talking of home and coming back again, and telling his dear father of all his campaigning adventures; and so much for anticipation—beneath that little mound of earth lies all that made the home he dreamed of! He's almost the last of the Albuertas," said he, as he stood over the grave; and at the same time a stranger drew near the spot, and removing his hat, addressed him by name. "Ah! Mr. Dunn, I think?" said Conway.

"Yes," said the other, "I regret to see that I am too late. I wished to pay the last tribute of respect to our poor friend, but, unfortunately, all was over when I arrived."

"You knew him intimately, I believe?" said Conway.

"From boyhood," said Dunn, coughing, to conceal some embarrassment. "Our families were intimate; but of him, personally, I saw little, he went abroad with his regiment, and when he returned, it was to live in a remote part of the country, so that we seldom met."

"Poor fellow," muttered Conway, "he does seem to have been well-nigh forgotten by every one. I was alone here this morning!"

"Such is life!" said Dunn.

"But such ought not death to be," rejoined Conway. "A gallant old soldier might well have been followed to his last billet by a few friends or comrades; but he was poor, and that explains all!"

"That is a harsh judgment from one so young as you are."

"No; if poor Kellett had fallen in battle, he had gone to his grave with every honor to his memory; but he lived on in a world where other qualities than the soldier's are valued, and he was forgotten, there's the whole of it!"

"We must think of the daughter now; something must be done for her," said Dunn.

"I have a plan about that, if you will kindly aid me with it," said Conway, blushing as he spoke. "You are aware, perhaps, that Jack Kellett and I were comrades. He saved my life, and risked his own to do it, and I owe him more than life in the cheery, hearty spirit he inspired me with, at a time when I was rather disposed to sulk with the whole world, so that I owe him a heavy debt." Here he faltered, and at last stopped, and it was only as Dunn made a gesture to him to continue, that he went on. "Well, I have a dear, kind old mother living all alone in Wales, not over well off, to be sure, but quite able to do a kind thing, and fully as willing. If Miss Kellett could be induced to come and stay with her—it might be called a visit at first—time would gradually show them how useful they were to each other, and they'd find they needn't—they couldn't separate. That's my plan, will you support it?"

"I ought to tell you, frankly, that I have no presumption to counsel Miss Kellett. I never saw her till the night you accompanied her to my house; we are utter strangers to each other, therefore. There is, however, sufficient in your project to recommend itself, and if anything I can aid will aid it, you may reckon upon me; but you will yourself see whether my counsels be admissible. There is only one question I would ask—you'll excuse the frankness of it for the sincerity it guarantees—Miss Kellett, although in poverty, was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune—all the habits of her life were

formed in that station—now, is it likely—I mean—are your mother's circumstances—"

"My mother has something like a hundred a year in the world," broke in Conway, hastily. "It's a poor pittance, I know, and you would be puzzled to say how one could eke out subsistence on it, but she manages it very cleverly."

"I really had no intention to obtrude my curiosity so far," said Dunn, apologising. "My object was to show you, generally, that Miss Kellett, having hitherto lived in a condition of comfort—"

"Well, we'll do our best—I mean, my mother will," said Conway. "Only say you will recommend the plan, and I'm satisfied."

"And for yourself—have you no project, no scheme of life struck out? A man so full of youth and energy should not sink into the listless inactivity of a retired soldier."

"You forget this," said Conway, pointing to his armless sleeve.

"Many a one-armed officer leads his squadron into fire; and your services, if properly represented—properly supported—would perhaps meet recognition at the Horse Guards. What say you, would you serve again if they offered you a cornetcy?"

"Would I?—would I bless the day that brought me the tidings? But the question is not of me," said he, proudly, and he turned away to leave the spot. Dunn followed him, and they walked out into the road together. A handsome chariot, splendid in all its appointments, and drawn by two powerful thorough-breds, awaited the rich man's coming, and the footman banged down the steps with ostentatious noise as he saw him approach.

"Let the carriage follow," said Dunn to the servant, and walked on at Conway's side. "If it was not that I am in a position to be of service to you, my observation would be a liberty," said Dunn; "but I have some influence with persons in power."

"I must stop you at once," said Conway, good-humoredly. "I belong to a class which does not accept of favors except from personal friends; and though I fully recognize your kind intentions towards me, remember, we are strangers to each other."

"I should wish to forget that," said Dunn, courteously.

"I should still be ungracious enough to bear it in mind. Come, come, Mr. Dunn," said he, "this is not the topic I want you to be interested in. If you can bring some hope and comfort into that little cottage yonder, you will do a far greater kindness than by any service you can render one like me."

"It would scarcely be advisable to do anything for a day or two?" said Dunn, rather asking the question.

"Of course not. Meanwhile, I'll write to my mother, and she shall herself address Miss Kellett, or, if you think it better, she'd come over here."

"We'll think over that. Come back with me to town and eat your dinner with me, if you have no engagement."

"Not to-day—excuse me to-day. I am low and out of sorts, and I feel as if I'd rather be alone."

"Will you let me see you to-morrow, or the day after?"

"The day after to-morrow be it. By that time I shall have heard from my mother," said Conway. And they parted.

Long after Mr. Dunn's handsome equipage had driven away, Charles Conway continued to linger about the neighborhood of the little cottage. The shutters were closed, and no smoke issued from the chimney, and it looked dreary and desolate. Again and again would he draw near the little wicket and look into the garden. He would have given all he possessed to have been able to ask after her—to have seen any one who could have told him of her—how she bore up in her dread hour of trial; but none was to be seen. More than once he ventured to approach the door, and timidly stood, uncertain what to do, and then, cautiously retracing his steps, he regained the road, again to resume his lonely watch. And so the noon passed, and the day waned, and evening drew nigh, and there he still lingered. He thought that when night closed in, some flickering light might give sign of life within—some faint indication of her his heart was full of; but all remained dark, silent and cheerless. Even yet he could not bear to leave the spot, and it was already far into the night ere he turned his steps towards Dublin.

Let us go back for a moment to Mr. Davenport Dunn, who was not the only occupant of the handsome chariot that rolled smoothly back to town. Mr. Driscoll sat in one corner, the blind carefully down, so as to screen him from view.

"And that was Conway!" said he, as soon as Dunn had taken his seat. "Wasn't I right when I said you were sure to catch him here?"

"I knew as much myself," said Dunn, curtly.

"Well, and what is he like?—is he a chap easy to deal with?—is he any way deep?"

"He's as proud as Lucifer—that's all I can make out of him; and there are few things harder to manage than real pride."

"Ay, if you can't get round it," said Driscoll, with a sly twinkle of the eye.

"I have no time for such management," said Dunn, stiffly. "Well, how did he take what you said to him? Did he seem as if he'd enter into the business kindly?"

"You don't suppose that I spoke to him about his family or his fortune, do you? Is it in a chance meeting like this that I could approach a subject full of difficulty and complication? You have rare notions of delicacy and address, Driscoll!"

"God help me! I'm a poor creature, but somehow I get along for all that, and I'm generally as far on my road at the end of the day as them that travels with few posters."

"You'd make a pretty mess of whatever required a light hand and a fine touch, that I can tell you. The question here lies between a peer of the realm with twelve thousand a year, and a retired soldier with eightpence a day pension. It does not demand much thought to see where the balance inclines."

"You're forgetting one thing, matter. Who has the right to be the peer with the twelve thousand a year?"

"I am not forgetting it; I was going to it when you stopped me. Until we have failed in obtaining our terms from Lord Lacking-ton—"

"Ay, but what are the terms?" broke in Driscoll, eagerly.

"If you interrupt me thus at every moment, I shall never be able to explain my meaning. The terms are for yourself to name; you may write the figures as you please. As for me, I have views that in no way clash with yours. And to resume; until we fail with the viscount, we have no need of the soldier. All that we have to think of as regards Conway is, that he falls into no hands but our own, that he should never learn anything of his claim, nor be within reach of such information till the hour when we ourselves think fit to make it known to him—"

"He oughtn't to keep company with that daughter of Paul Kellett, then," broke in Driscoll. "There's not a family history in the kingdom she hasn't by heart."

"I have thought of that already, and there is some danger of such an occurrence."

"As how?"

"Young Conway is at this very moment plotting how she may be domesticated with his mother, somewhere in Wales, I believe."

"If he's in love with her, it will be a bad business," said Driscoll. "She does be reading, and writing, too, from morning till night. There's no labor nor fatigue she's not equal to, and all the searches and inquiries that weary others she'd go into out of pure amusement. Now, if she was ever to be with his mother, and heard the old woman talk about family history, she'd be at it hard and fast next morning."

"There is no need she should go there."

"No. But she mustn't go—must never see her."

"I think I can provide for that. It will be somewhat more difficult to take him out of the way for the present. I wish he were back in the Crimea."

"He might get killed—"

"Ay; but his claim would not die. Look here, Driscoll," said he, slowly; "I ventured to tell him this morning that I would assist him with my influence if he wishes to re-enter the service as an officer, and he resented the offer at once as a liberty. Now, it might be managed in another way. Leave me to think it over, and perhaps I can hit upon the expedient. The Attorney-General is to report upon the claims to me to-morrow, next day I'm to see Conway himself, and then you shall learn all."

"I don't like all these delays," began Driscoll; but at a look from Dunn he stopped, and held down his head, half angry, half abashed.

"You advance small loans of money on approved security, Driscoll," said Dunn, with a dry expression of the mouth. "Perhaps some of these mornings you may be applied to for a few hun-

dred by a young fellow wishing to purchase his commission—you understand me?"

"I believe I do," said Driscoll, with a significant smile. "You'll not be too hard on him for the terms, especially if he has any old family papers to deposit as security—eh?"

"Just so—just so. A mere nominal guarantee," said Driscoll, still laughing. "Oh, dear! but it's a queer world, and one has to work his wits hard to live in it." And Mr. Driscoll took his leave.

(To be continued.)

THE JAPONICA EPISTLES.

FROM MRS. SERAPHINA BROWN, OF UNION SQUARE, TO THE HON. MISS SMYTHE, OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

No letter this morning! now, Rosa, excuse me, What's the good of a friend without she'll amuse me? It's a week, as I live, since I wrote my last letter, And I'm writing again! now, can I be better? But I've had such a scene with that brute of a Brown, I think I'm the worse used poor wife now in town; I asked for a cheque—oh, a mere paltry amount, For I'd promised to pay a small sum to the Count—Who had playfully asked me to play at *Vingt-un*, For a couple of hundreds—he broke me quite soon; Then we played for a kiss—then we played for a ring, But he gave me both back, when I sat down to sing, So of course it would seem the meanest of all things Not to pay him the money—be great always in small things. Well, would you believe it, the brute made objections— I then mildly appealed to my blighted affections— He gruffly remarked, "I had nothing to blight!" This was really too much, so I thought I'd show fight, And commenced by a gasp—a faint scream—a wild stare— Then I made a fierce grab at a rose in my hair, Which I tore into fragments and threw it at Brown; And carefully choosing a soft spot to fall down, I went off in a swoon, and fell as though dead— The brute coolly raised me as though I were dead, And placing me carefully on my own bed, He put his vile paws on my face and my head, And grunted, "Yes, here's all the blood in this place," And then emptied a water jar right over my face! Saying, "This will revive her, and I'll tell her sister To send Dr. Elder to put on a blister!" He then left the room—when I rose fierce and grim— Put a blister on me—I'll put dozens on him. But I'll take my revenge, as all women should do; Brown is fond of a horn—I'll treat him to two! You remember, no doubt, that low-mannered thing, Who, when her pa' died, in our choir used to sing For five dollars a week, to keep her old mother— And, now I think on it, she had a small brother— How the creatures could live, as you know, puzzled both, Still five dollars will purchase much dry bread and broth! You remember that every one thought they were rich, When it proved, at his death, they were not worth a stitch. I'd have such ones punished for these barefaced offences, Since the one thing that's worse than stealing one's pence is The getting acquaintances on false pretences. For when such folks burst, such is human malignity, The envious reflect, love, upon our own dignity. As you know, Rose, we then very properly cut her, And left her to repent o'er her bread without butter. Well, would you believe it?—what fools are some men!— The mix has got up in the world once again, For Bleaker the millionaire's married the creature, Although I declare she has't one decent feature, Except a lean ankle, and men couldn't help knowing it, Since I never saw one who was fonder of showing it. Well, of course, like a Christian, I thought I'd forget The wretch's presumption, and so, when I met Mrs. Stuck-up-to-day, who was just in her carriage, I kindly congratulated her on her marriage, And said (you know, love, I'm a weak, foolish thing, And weep, like a willow, to hear Brignoli sing) "How I've longed, Mrs. Bleaker, to call upon you, When I heard some time back you'd the *tic doloureux*, But I'd really forgotten your address, dear, that's true." Would you credit the creature? She said, with a sneer, "That is strange, Mrs. Brown, as you sent twice last year To know if I had found an old parasol, That you said you'd left with me after stroll, And though I felt sure you were wrong, yet a new one I bought, and sent to you—a very nice blue one, Which you got!" "Oh, of course, and I sent in return," I answered, "a beautiful little bronze urn!" "Which I never got," the rude creature replied. "Indeed, my dear friend!" with feigned wonder I cried, "I must speak to my servant about it; I'll swear That I bought a small tea urn, which must be somewhere! But I'll now make amends, and call often on you; What number, my love in the Fifth avenue?" "Dear me!" cries the monster, "how strange! it's outrageous! This forgetting addresses is really contagious; I've caught it of you, my dear Mrs. Brown, You're really enough to infect all the town; But, as I am a sinner, my present address I have really forgotten, and it won't do to guess! But I dare say I shall think of it when you have gone—" "Good day, Mrs. Black! now Pompey, drive on!" And would you believe it! oh, it maddens my blood, The vile nigger coachman splashed me over with mud! Yes, that sweet *gros de Naples*! and, what's more provoking, They both of them deemed it most excellent joking. So I'm death on the niggers, and woe betide Beecher, If for fugitive wretches he's again a beseecher; Now, therefore, dear Rose, each planter pray t'ill For my sake to flog them, and torture them we'll. But as for my lady who sang in the choir, And winked to her darkey to splash me with mire, Who forgot her address—I'll have vengeance some day, But how I shall do it I really can't say, Since she's no reputation to slander away. You know Mrs. Jones, love, who's so fond of meddling With her household affairs, and doing the peddling; Who haggles with men who come to one's doors, 'Stead of running up bills at respectable stores. She was yesterday furnished by one of these men, And in saving a dollar, was done out of ten! It seems that she said she would purchase a dish Of a fellow who drags about second-hand fish. So hearing his horn as the pedlar went round, She bought a stale cod at six cents a pound; But having no bill less than X, let him range To the store round the corner, to get it in change; Feeling sure, as he left all the fish in his truck At her door, she was safe, and couldn't get stuck. But he never returned, and for two hours or more That odorous fish-truck remained at the door; Till at last the police dragged it off to the pound, Since the pedlar of course was not to be found! I am rather surprised, dear, considering her taste, She let all that beautiful fish go to waste—" 'Stead of taking the truck with the fish round for sale, Since herself and the article both were quite stale, And there's an old proverb, which somewhere you'll find, "That a nice fellow-feeling makes all wondrous kind!" I met her next night at a ball, where I said— As though sniffing about, as I turned round my head—"My dear Mrs. Jones, it's really quite odd, But don't you perceive a strong smell of cod? I really must buy some of your old perfume, Ere next I dare visit this fish-smelling room!" But that's the brute's ring, so no more I can write, I must practise a fit of hysterics to-night; Since I can't conquer that stink-counting dunces, I had better be sold for a nigger at once. But I got rosewood couches and curtains, my dear,

By a rapid consumption and cough the last year; And by rousing my face—it wasn't a blush— I got on my cheeks such a fine hectic flush, That e'en dear Camille Heron didn't cough so churchyard— Indeed stage consumptions require a girl hardy. For dying at Wallack's, six times every week, With a Sabbath day blow out, requires a large cheek; But, when I remember the triumphs I've gained, O'er that brute of a Brown, in the three years I've reigned, I'll never despair! Let me see, I got off That trip to his mother, by a terrible cough, And, when cured by the opera for one week or so, I was then by the influenza prostrated quite low! Shall I ever forget the fun that I had With my poor dotard Brown—it was really too bad! I had my room darkened—I had well bribed my nurse, Who wept; she was drunk—and hiccupped, "Sir, much worse," As Brown, on his tiptoe, came up to my room, Which was made up of darkness and softened perfume! I could scarcely refrain from a roar, as he said, "Can I do anything for you, my love, when you're dead?" I bottled my laugh, and said, with a sigh, "I've a favor to ask you instead, ere I die; Such moments are solemn; my debts, Brown," I said, "I am sure I can't die till every one's paid! And, oh! when I get from those harpies release, I can warble *Nunc Dimittis*, darling, in peace!" "How much do you owe?" said the brute, while I cried As I let my head fall on my pillow beside, "This harshness will kill me—oh, Brown! pray, consider her Who's talking to you—who will so soon be a widow! As one who will trouble you never again, For already I feel the death-pang in my brain!" "Here's a cheque for five thousand," Brown mournfully said, "And I hope you'll be happy, dear wife, when you're dead!" "As, no doubt, you will be!" I said, with a sigh— When the brute sadly uttered, "Mrs. Brown, I will try!" I waived him away; he went down, the sinner, And eat, the nurse told me, an excellent dinner; While I, with the money safe stowed in my purse, Got better that night, and rewarded my nurse— And now, *entre nous*, my brute would give nine Or ten times the sum, to kill yours.

SERAPHINE.

DOESTICKS, P. B., AMONG THE CHINAMEN.

WHERE do the Celestials roost? Do they hang themselves up by their unctuous pigtails; do they roll themselves into balls to sleep, as they do in the streets to beg; or do they make unto themselves beds, like respectable human animals, wherein they slumber in like fashion with other men? These important queries must have often puzzled the multitudinous brain of the inquisitive public at sight of the hundreds of almond-eyed Chinese, who vend cheap merchandise, consisting generally of preternaturally bad tobacco and miraculously stale apples, in our streets, or who clew their mortal bodies up into round balls, like exasperated porcupines with their skins off, and solicit alms on the corners in most eloquent silence. We are prepared to reply to the question, and to set the public mind at rest for ever. Certain reliable men, good, true and faithful reporters, of whom I, myself, am one, have investigated the subject, and in their zeal of discovery have penetrated to the mysterious dormitories of these distinguished Oriental strangers, with the happiest results. I can assure the world that the dusky Children of the Sun neither sleep in reputable beds, nor do they take their repose in a state of suspension, by those curious tails which make every legitimate Chinaman look as if a marlinpike had taken root at the back of his head, and was vegetating vigorously.

A visit of Peleg Paddin, the Sketcher, and me, Doesticks, to the Chinese Lodging Houses, No. 61 Cherry street, and No. 103 James street, has solved the mystery, and thrown a great amount of rather dim light upon the recreations of these slim-legged exiles from the Kingdom of the Sun.

Having secured the friendly services of an intelligent officer of the police to pilot us on our uncertain way, we started on our expedition. We made our first call upon the place in Cherry street, where we found an interesting collection of Chinamen, or, as our officer graphically phrased it, we "ran into a regular nest of cocoa-nut heads," that being the elegant appellation by which our friends of the pigtail and sandals are known to the "outside barbarians" of the Fourth Ward.

Up a flight of narrow, dirty stairs, into the upper story of one of the filthiest tenement houses of the vicinity, without a light, and with no direction to the exact locality of those we sought, except a confused jabber of many tongues proceeding from above, we took our cautious way. A knock at the door of a room whence issued the greatest amount of noise, brought out a grim-visaged fellow, who inquired, in the best English he could muster, our business. This illustrious individual was not prepossessing in appearance; he was shorn as to his pigtail, which deprivation seemed to have soured his temper, and confirmed him in a state of normal viciousness. About the front part of his skull the hair had begun to sprout, and was now about two inches long, and being particularly coarse and harsh, it stood, of course, on end, sticking out in every direction, and altogether giving him the look of having, at some late period, made a dive into a barrel of brad awls. This beauteous person, on perceiving who we were, immediately slammed the door in our face, and beat a sulky retreat. Loud cries, and a spirited succession of knocks on the door by Paddin and the officer, brought another Chinaman to investigate the cause of the alarm, and the ultimate result was our admission. It was like crawling into a bottle of smoke on an exaggerated scale, for of the twenty-eight Celestials there congregated, twenty of them were smoking either opium or tobacco. The result was a cube of smoke the size of the apartment, and of about the consistence of blancmange. As we became accustomed to the gloom, the surrounding objects began to loom dimly out, and we were enabled to make our observations. The room was about nine feet square, a double row of bunks to the number of fifteen occupying two sides, one of the other sides being taken up by a cooking-stove, while the door was on the last side. This arrangement left a small space of about four feet by six in the middle of the room, half of which was filled by a table covered with matting. The bunks were made to accommodate two persons each, so that the ordinary population in that spacious apartment is thirty people and a cooking-stove. A number of the beds were occupied, about a dozen "cocoa-nut heads" were huddled about the table playing dominoes for Chinese coins with a square hole through every one, and the remainder of the assembly stood watching the game and commenting on the strangers. Packed as close with our China friends as sardines in a can, we enjoyed an hour or so of delectation, Paddin making inquiries about the China women, who, he was told, had been sent back to Canton, while I was afflicted with the pleasing consciousness that a number of unknown creeping things were regaling themselves on the calf of my left leg.

These delightful people, the Chinese, among their other peculiarities, seem to have an unconquerable objection to sleeping the right way of the bed, or perhaps the accommodations were too narrow to admit of that desirable mode of stowage; but certain it is that they lay side by side across the berths with their legs hanging over the edge, so that from every occupied bunk stuck out two pairs of dangling legs. It is an excellent way of packing to save space, but it must be uncomfortable to the nether extremities; it looks as if the somnolent facilities would not

admit of resting the whole body at once, and so the legs kept watch while the heads and shoulders slept.

The people were very civil, and replied to all our interrogatories in the most obliging spirit. Doubting the possibility of two persons compressing themselves into a space about the size of a writing-desk, I demanded confirmation, and the keeper of the house complacently informed us that "sometime two men in bed, sometime mo' when come from ship."

I should no sooner try to pack myself into one of these places than to domicile myself in a pint-pot. If I could take off my flesh and put it in my overcoat pocket, I might possibly get my bones in; but I could only even do that by poking the marrow out, and slipping the little ones inside the big ones like a telescope.

There were a few cheap colored prints on the walls, of the old traditional red and blue ballet-dancers standing on one pink leg and pointing up with the other, as if trying to go up garret at a single step; of kitchen utensils there were, visible to the naked eye, one skillet, one large tea-kettle and five tin plates, which, for thirty persons, is rather a scanty allowance, according to our civilized notions. A number of the boarders were attired in European costume, and one enterprising youth, with a flatter nose than falls to the lot even of the generosity of his countrymen, had a standing collar and patent leather boots. When they laugh, they have a way of drawing the upper lip up to the vicinity of the top of the head in such a way as to expose the teeth and gums in the most repulsive manner, and to work the most peculiar and instantaneous change in their personal appearance; the nose, being completely swamped in the rising tide of lip, is extinguished without a struggle, like a penny "dip" in a bucket of water. Their long hair is their pride, and no gay young Chinaman with a pigtail of less than three feet in length has any right to set up for a dandy; and our friend of the bradawl aspect who had received us at the door, and who had been secretly shaking his fists at us ever since, had been shorn of his beauty as Samson was of his strength, by that cruel dispensation of Providence that had deprived him of his cherished pigtail, and he could never hope to be regarded as a handsome man until that hirsute ornament should grow again.

One of these, our entertainers, took us under his particular charge, as soon as he found that our mission was a peaceful one, and paid us the compliment of his personal attendance during our entire visit. He was the very counterpart of the "Fat Boy," of whom we read in the "Pickwick Papers"—unctuous in face, oily in his whole appearance, and slippery in every motion. Peleg the Sketcher, who had been secretly making pictures of everything in the room, including a faithful depiction of the cooking-stove, and an accurate likeness of the skillet, having now run out of subjects, expressed a desire to quit the gay and festive scene. But our Celestial Fat Boy, our greasy Child of the round-faced Moon, would hear of no such thing, but extended to us an invitation to take a seat and join in the domino recreations, in language somewhat like the following:—"No goee, no, no—how can—sit table down—muchee fun, can secure—makee gamblee pigeon—(do a little gambling business)—how can go—muchee stay—chair—sittee down—cash can secure—muchee, muchee."

Construing this into an invitation to take a hand in the game, Paddin resolved to accept it. What motive actuated that illustrious individual I cannot tell, but I think his intention was to accumulate funds—I am confident that he thought, when he sat down, that the coins with the square holes in the middle were gold, though the truth is, that it would take about a bushel and a half to make a dollar. They made him disburse fifty cents for a handful of these valuable specimens of Chinese currency, and then they began to play. Paddin lost—then he bought more coins and tried it again; he lost again, and invested another half dollar in the same fleeting funds. What with their knowing the game better than he did, and with their combining together to cheat him, and with their cheating him individually by turns, and with their helping themselves from his money pile when he wasn't looking, he didn't stand much of a chance to acquire a very large fortune in a great hurry. He began to suspect that there was fraud somewhere, and that the pig-eyes of his friends were open to some purpose. Our Fat Boy had been particularly anxious to instruct him how to play, and while volunteering the most disinterested instructions, had been quietly filling his pockets with Paddin's square-holed cash. Paddin caught him indulging in this favorite amusement, and then the ire of Paddin was "tremendous and fierce to behold." With one hand he caught Fat Boy by the pigtail, with the other hand he smote Fat Boy under the fifth rib or thereabouts; with one foot he kicked over the table, and then with both feet he commenced a hasty retreat from those premises, followed by his allies in great confusion, to say nothing of the "cocoa-nut heads" who seemed to meditate dire vengeance. Nobody was slaughtered, however, though the last look I turned behind showed me Bradawl, in an attitude of belligerence, with the skillet high raised above his head preparatory to hurling it after the intruders; considerations of economy prevailed and he didn't do it, probably fearing to lose that very valuable kitchen necessary.

We reached the street in safety, and with the assistance of an officer prepared to stir up another "nest of knot-heads." The entrance to the lodging-house in James street is, if possible, narrower and darker than the one on which we had already had some experience. In Indian file we crawled slowly up, and any ill-disposed person at the head of the stairs might have bowled us all down like a lot of ten-pins, for had the leader been knocked off his legs he would have fallen against the others and toppled the whole of us into the street. No such catastrophe occurred, however, and we all attained the landing in safety, but the inhospitable door was closed against us. Our officer, however, soon made an impression, as in the former case, by hammering on it with his club until it was opened. The first thing that met our gaze was a child of about two years old, mounted on a table, surrounded by a crowd of eager Celestials, who were watching its playful movements. The father of the babe informed us, with a complacent grin, that it was "piece China, other piece muchee wite 'ooman." This little child was the plaything of the entire household, and had been elevated on the table that all might have a fair sight of it.

This establishment is a much more extensive one than the other, it affording accommodations for about sixty. There are two large rooms on the second floor, and four in the upper part of the building. The rooms below are fitted up with bunks, and a cooking-stove; here also a prominent object. The kitchen furniture is more extensive than at the former place, there being, in addition to the skillet and tea-kettle, two long forks and a large tin platter. There was no eating going on at the time, greatly to the regret of Paddin, who expressed a vehement desire to experiment with "chopsticks."

The bunks were all full, and the assortment of feet and legs projecting therefrom was varied in the extreme. In a number of them were Chinamen, who had taken a small lamp and a large pipe to bed with them, for the purpose of smoking opium. The proprietor of the house is of middle age, and looks as if his moral character might be respectable. He had a handsome handkerchief tied about his head, and he wore spectacles, the effect of which was sublimely ludicrous. He was civil, and on our asking if he had any more rooms, he replied, "Muchee room—man can do sleep pigeon"—(many rooms for sleeping). He volunteered to show us through them, and taking a light in



DOESTICKS VISITS THE CHINAMEN—FEARFUL EFFECTS OF SMOKING OPIUM UPON PELEG THE SKETCHER. SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

his hand, he preceded us up stairs to the attic. This part of the house was arranged in the ordinary way, there being one large room, with a number of smaller ones opening out of it. The doors to these were all locked, but when our conductor had lighted us all safely to the top, he commenced an indiscriminate assault on them with his feet, kicking at each one viciously in turn with his heavy sandals, as if each door was a personal enemy, and he had now got him where he could not resent an attack on his shins. He accompanied himself during this performance by loud shouts in the Chinese tongue, and as that melodious language under the most dulcet circumstances sounds like the rapid filing of very rusty saws, his vocal performance was anything but musical.

Pursuant to the summons, the doors opened one by one, and dusky heads popped out, then dusky legs loomed out the dusky heads out into the large room, leaving room for more heads, and more legs, and more chattering voices; the supply seemed to be perfectly inexhaustible; the more that came out of the rooms, the more seemed to be left; they appeared to be instantly reproduced by magic, like the tin cups the magician pulls out of the enchanted hat. We were surrounded in an instant by the strange lodgers, most of them clad only in shirts, just as they had leaped out of bed; the pigtailed stuck out wildly in every direction; the almond-eyes stared sharply from every corner; the dusky legs skipped nimbly about us, and the "cocoa-nut heads" gave us a grand reception. Some were frightened, some were merry, some were angry, and would evidently have been delighted at an opportunity to ventilate the internals of the rude intruders by ripping us up with their knives.

We found the rooms so crowded with bunks that there was no room inside for a man to undress himself; any one desirous of performing that operation must go into the large room; then he could bring his superfluous clothing to his bunk in his hands; hence so many half-dressed apparitions at our reception. They had no chance to dress themselves before they came out, but must perform present themselves scantily robed as to their legs.

In the bunks they were crowded even closer than in the other house. If the Cherry street Chinamen were as sardines in a can, these were as figs in a drum. How they can cram themselves in so small a space, is a mystery only to be solved by

themselves, for they are doubled into attitudes not achievable by any other mortal man. One instance of this we observed in the case of an industrious individual who was making cigarettes, and who had got himself into a snape not to be excelled for discomfort. His knees were drawn up to the top of his head, and his hands were somewhere between his heels. He couldn't have occupied less room if he had been melted and poured into a mould.

after a moment's pause he announced in a loud voice that he was Swang-Pang-Jang, the father of the Sun and Moon, and own cousin to the Milky Way; and he called for dinner and mentioned tom-cat fricasee as a dish to be provided, with bull-pup potpie to follow, and also declared his intention of throwing Old Spectacles out of the window if all wasn't ready in two minutes. Then, looking over at me, he invited me to the banquet in terms following, being under the impression that he was talking first-rate Chinese: "Commee to eatte your grub with me, old fellowee, and bring your own beereee—will you comeee? Say yes, you pig-headed rascal, or I'll makeee you swallow the cooking-stove, I will, by the silver lemon-squeezer of Confucius."

Before I could form an answer to this singular speech, I was taken with similar symptoms, and fancied myself a Chinese Emperor of great renown, whose word it was instant death to disobey. I have a recollection of threatening to cut off the head of one of my subjects with my own sword, and then of seizing the tea-kettle under the impression that it was an instrument of destruction. Not finding the edge sufficiently keen to accomplish my vengeance, I suddenly changed my mind, and determined on a ride. I leaped on my intended victim's shoulders, attempting to use his sacred pigtail as a bridle; he instantly dismounted me and commenced a remonstrance, "How can makeee bobbey?" This was all I heard of his speech, as my attention was directed to Old Spectacles, who was clinging to my knees, and imploring me to save him from Padlin. This latter gentleman had, it seems, been suddenly taken with a desire to see some juggling feats, and had commanded Old Spectacles to pull nine bales of cotton out of his boots, draw three quart's of hot rum out of his ear, and make each of his toes become a rosebush with a bird's nest in it, on pain of instant death.

I think that about these days the Celestials were making hasty but determined preparations to pitch us through the windows, when our official friend took us into the street. We found our way home, but as we parted at the last corner, Padlin invited me to come round and see his tea-garden and have a chat with his dancing-girls, of whom he informed me he had eighteen hundred and six, locked up in his private cupboard with the gin. For the last three days my head has felt like a nest of hornets being smoked out with brimstone and tar.



DOESTICKS AND PELEG THE SKETCHER PLAYING DOMINOES WITH THE CHINESE.

The spectacled Oriental lighted us down stairs again, and while we were taking another look at the child he deposited himself into a bunk alongside of another man who had the inevitable lamp and big pipe, and both began to smoke, while a third squatted on the floor at their feet in an eminently uncomfortable attitude, and proceeded to solace himself in like manner.

And now was I, Doesticks, seized with an unconquerable desire to have an opium smoke. I had heard so much of the felicity attainable thereby; of the cheap Paradise that any man might make unto himself with a shilling's worth of that eastern drug, that I was not to be deterred from having a try. I mentioned the subject to Padlin, who agreed, and then I spoke to Old Spectacles about it, and he responded as follows: "Can smokee—yes can do—makeee feel goodde inside—smokee pigeon much goodde—can do smokee dis;" by all of which he meant that opium smoking makes a fellow feel good, and that if I was disposed to try it he would give me a chance. Peleg and I were immediately provided with pipes, while the surrounding "Chinas" grinned fearfully in anticipation of "muchee fun."

After three or four puffs I felt a streak of laziness come over me, from which unnatural state I was aroused by the strange appearance of Padlin. He looked about the room with as majestic an air as it is consistent with his appearance to assume, and then

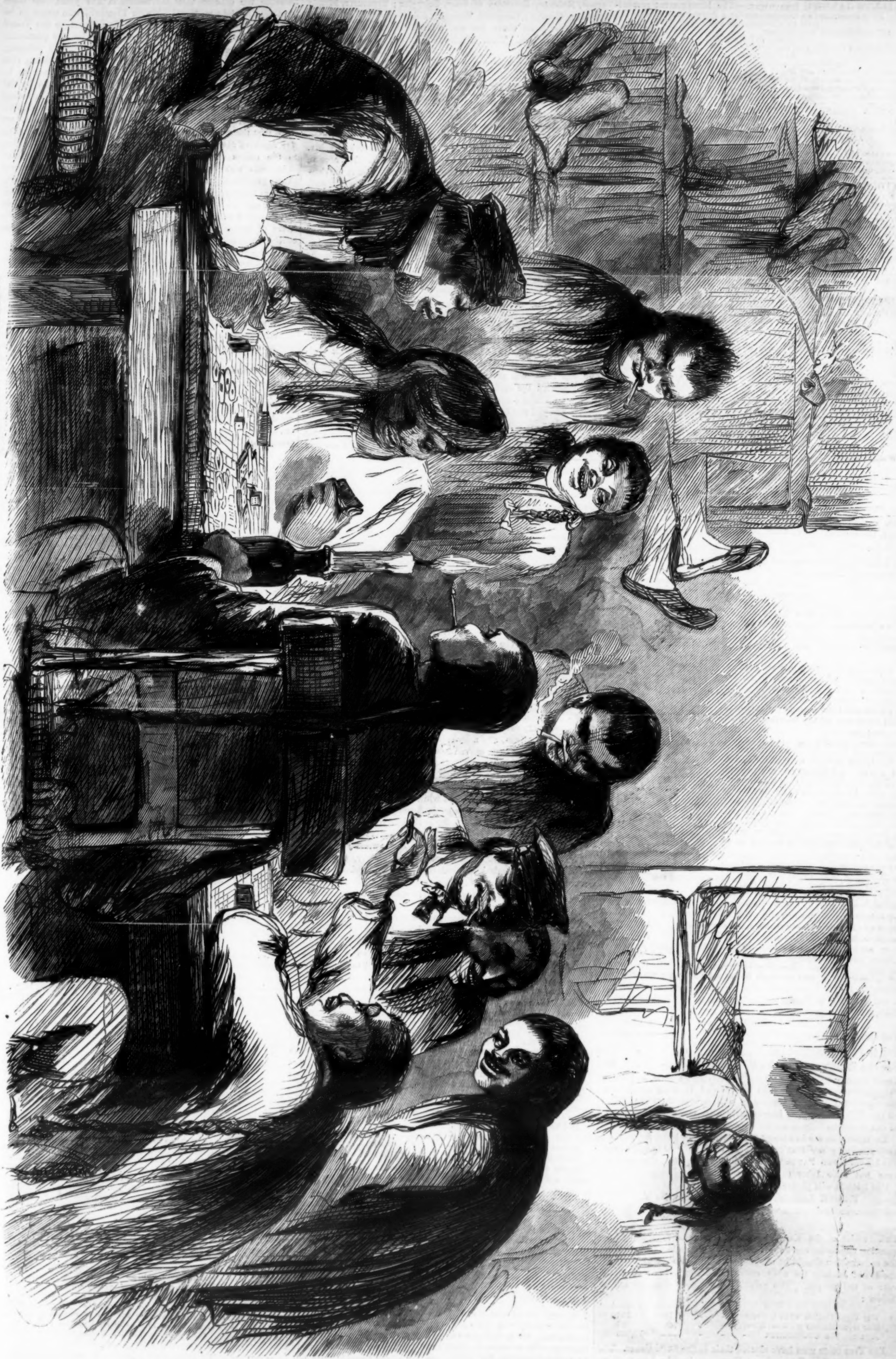


THE CHINAMAN'S CHILD—"FISKEY CHINA—FISKEY AMERICAN."



THE OPIUM SMOKERS. DRAWN FROM LIFE.

DOESTIC'S VISITS THE CHINAMEN—SCENE IN A CHINESE BOARDING-HOUSE, 61 CHERRY STREET, NEW YORK. DR. WYN FROM LIFE.



NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY.—The Management respectfully announces an engagement for a limited season with **DAN RICE'S GREAT SHOW.**
THE PERFORMING RHINOCEROS,
AN ELEPHANT WALKING A TIGHT ROPE,
A WALTZING CAMEL, THE COMIC MULES,
DAN RICE, the Harpist and Horse Breaker.
 An afternoon performance every Saturday.
 Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; the tier of Upper Boxes (entrance on Crosby street), 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$5; Children to Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, half price.
ALTERATION OF TIME.—Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.
 Miss Laura Keene.....Sole Lessee and Directress.
 A New Drama, in three acts, by Cyril Turner, entitled **WHITE LIES.**
 Doors open at 6½; the performance will commence at 7½ o'clock.
 Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.
 Proprietor.....Henry Wood.
GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS respectfully announce to their patrons and the public in general that the above elegant structure is now open under the management of Henry Wood and George Christy, with an entirely new Programme.
 Stage Manager.....Sylvester B'cker.
 Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.
 Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—New Dramatic Season.
 With an Entirely New and superior Company.
 Every evening at half-past seven o'clock.
 Also, the **GRAND AQUARIA**, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
 Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1858.

OUR MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING
 of the

NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES at WASHINGTON.

We shall shortly publish this superb Picture, which will be the **LARGEST ENGRAVING EVER EXECUTED IN AMERICA.**

Our Artists have been engaged in its production for several weeks past, its elaborate architectural details and numerous life figures requiring unusual care and minute finish. Its production will be an era in the art of Wood Engraving in America, and we feel a little pride in presenting it to the Subscribers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW NOTICE!

Renewal of our Liberal Offer.

We offered as an inducement to subscribers, to give

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE

AND

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

BOTH

For Four Dollars.

We then fixed the date to the 1st of January, 1858, but we are induced by the unexpected favor with which our offer has been received to

EXTEND THE DATE TO MARCH 1ST, 1858.

All those, therefore, who wish to take

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

AND

NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE,

BOTH

For Four Dollars,

will send to this Office before the 1st of March, 1858.

The two are entirely distinct in the character of their literature and the subject of their engravings. Together they form an amount of reading matter equal to three thousand Imperial Octavo pages; while the number of engravings, nearly all of them original, designed and cut by the best artists in the city, is very nearly two thousand. Remember the offer, dear reader, three thousand pages of splendid reading matter and two thousand fine engravings for Four Dollars per annum.

PREMIUM FOR THE LARGEST LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

To induce our friends to work for us and with us, we offer the following liberal Premiums. For the largest list of subscribers to our Magazine or Paper, sent in to us before the 15th of March, 1858, we offer a premium of

\$200.

For the second largest list - - - - - \$100
 For the third largest list - - - - - 75
 For the fourth largest list - - - - - 50

Those commencing to form lists will advise us of it, and every subscription sent by them will be recorded in their name, and the successful friendly canvassers will receive their Premiums on the 30th of March, or immediately after we publish the result in our columns.

To those who are in earnest the work will be light, for without vanity we may say that both our **NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE** and our **ILLUSTRATED PAPER** offer such striking inducements as to need but little labor to recommend them.

Our friends will please address

FRANK LESLIE, 18 Frankfort street, N. Y.

Domestic.

The results of the Kansas election have been received. The question before the electors on the 21st of December was whether the constitution should be adopted with or without slavery. On the 4th of January the whole constitution was submitted to the vote of the people. The results of the two elections are as follow:

	Dec. 21.	Jan. 4.
For Constitution with Slavery	6,149	138
For Constitution without Slavery	569	24
Against the Constitution	—	10,226

The Free State men have elected their entire State ticket. The following are the officers elect: Governor, Smith; Lieut.-Gov-

ernor, Roberts; Secretary of State, Schuyler; Treasurer, Mead; Auditor, Goodin; Congress, Parrott.

The Free State party has also a large majority in the House of Representatives. Their relative forces stand as follow:

	Free State.	Pro-Slavery.	Major.
House of Representatives	29	15	14
Senate	13	6	7
Joint ballot	42	21	21

The reports from which these figures are drawn, are said to be perfectly reliable, although they had not received the signature of Gen. Calhoun.

A bill providing for the admission of Minnesota into the Union was reported from the Committee upon the Territories by Mr. Douglas. It was read and placed upon the calendar. Mr. Mason, from the Committee of Foreign Relations, made a report on Central American Affairs, reviewing the recent Paulding affair, and while acknowledging that the arrest of Walker was illegal, concluding that, under the circumstances, Com. Paulding shall receive no further censure. Mr. Mason also reported a bill for the better enforcing the Neutrality laws, by defining the duties of naval officers and others. This report was disapproved of Mr. Douglas, a member of the committee. There was a postponement of the consideration of expelling Mr. Matteson in consequence of the sickness of that gentleman's wife.

Our State Assembly has at length elected a Speaker. The choice fell upon Mr. Alvord, whose speech in taking his official position is much approved by all parties. The last arrival from California brought a million and a half of treasure. The commercial affairs in that State were healthy and prosperous. Numerous volunteer companies were formed throughout California, in anticipation of a general onslaught upon the Mormons. The war fever was growing stronger every day. A treaty has finally settled the difficulties existing between Costa Rica and Nicaragua. The despotic action of Dictator Comonfort seems to have arrayed against him even his warmest and most influential friends. Mexico is in a most disorganized state, and out of such a chaotic state order can hardly spring. There is a great want of an Anglo-Saxon infusion, to put that unhappy country in the way to prosperity and social independence. The last of the Walker expedition, Colonel Anderson, six officers and thirty-nine men, had arrived at Key West. They were held in custody, in default of bail, by the authorities of that place, for trial in the District Court of Louisiana.

Foreign.

The general anxiety which prevailed respecting the fate of the European steamship *Ariel* has been quieted. The *Ariel*, when some few days out, broke her shaft, and put back to Cork under sail. She encountered some terrible weather, shipped some fearful seas and broke her foreyard; but she reached Cork in safety, with all on board well. The Bank of England has reduced its rate of discount to five per cent., and it is expected that the rate will be still lower by the next arrival. An attempt was made on the 16th ult. on the life of the Emperor of France. As the Emperor and Empress were entering the opera three explosions were heard, and one of the missiles passed through the hat of Louis Napoleon. Several persons around his majesty were severely wounded, and one of his carriage horses killed. On showing himself in the house, he was received with tremendous cheers. Louis and Eugenie drove out the next day without any escort, and were everywhere received enthusiastically. The plot was of Italian origin, and a large number of arrests were made. The *Leviathan* has been moved to within three or four feet of the end of her launching ways. The tide now rises twelve feet under her. Fourteen and a half feet of water are required to float her, and the tide of the 31st of January would effect this. We may, therefore, conclude that while we write the *Leviathan*, the wonder of this wonderful age, is floating in the element in which, for the present, at least, she is to find no rival. General Windham, the hero of the Redan, has been severely handled by some of the British papers on account of his supposed defeat by the Gwalior contingent. The latest news, however, states that instead of being defeated he repulsed them once and beat them twice. Sir Colin Campbell then came up, and totally routed them, and in their flight they were overtaken by another British column and almost annihilated.

The Queen of Spain, in her speech on the opening of the Cortes, declared that she had accepted the mediation of France and England in the difference with Mexico, but states that the honor of Spain will, under any circumstances, be maintained. The American ship *Adriatic*, which was confiscated by the French Court of Appeals on account of her collision with the ill-fated *Lyonnaise*, had made her escape to sea on the night of the 8th of January. She was pursued by a French steamer, but had not been recaptured. Russia has met with some successes in the Caucasus. Much has been made of little. The Russians have met with such constant disasters in that mountainous district that very little gain is a cause for great rejoicing. Great preparations were making for the marriage of the Princess Royal. The entertainments were to be on a scale of great magnificence. Consols were quoted at 95½ to 94½. There was a slight decline in cotton, the market closing, for fair and middling, at 4 of a penny less. The lower grades less affected. Breadstuffs were dull, and rather declining.

Extraordinary Developments.

The old proverb, that when rogues fall out honest men will get their dues, is partially illustrated, at least in the recent developments that are being made about the City Hall. At least the honest tax-payers can exclaim, "When rogues fall out honest men hear the truth." Conover and Devlin, the rival Street Commissioners, have got into a quarrel, and are exposing not only themselves, but the entire mismanagement of the office, the head of which they aspire to be. Mr. Flagg, the Comptroller, is busy in showing the world what a notorious defaulter and speculator Chemung Smith, his late confidential clerk, was; said Smith having kept his yacht, his fast horses, his country seat and other luxuries, on a salary of twelve hundred a year. Meantime the Aldermen's Committee of Examination is at work, exposing everybody who has for the last four years had any official connection with the money departments of our city government. The fact is, that all these parties, of whatever name or political complexion, have seen for a long time busy in de-

frauding the citizens, thus increasing, in five years, the taxes from four to eight millions! Mayor Tiemann, who seems to be determined to do his duty, recently made a report to the Board of Supervisors, in which he confines himself, for the particular time, to the exposition of certain contracts for public printing, which certainly, for large developments, surpasses anything that has yet been offered to the public. It is quite common to be amazed at the printing bills sent to Congress and paid by the "wisdom of the nation;" but our federal authorities, in spending money for types and paper, are infinitely behind our glorious city authorities. From the message of Mayor Tiemann, we learn that there has been paid out of the city treasury more than *five hundred thousand dollars* for printing documents belonging to the offices of the Clerk, Register, and Surrogate—which documents, now that they have been printed, are, as a general thing, pronounced quite valueless, and altogether unnecessary, so far as their preservation or the public benefit is concerned. To give our readers an idea of these gigantic contracts—for they can be called with propriety by no other name—we give two items of expenditure enumerated by Mayor Tiemann in his official document:

To McSpedon & Baker, printers, for paper, printing, work done, collecting, insurance, rents, &c. \$112,336 06
 To Bowne & Hasbrouck, for paper, printing, binding, insurance, rents, &c. 317,635 47

Total \$429,971 52

Now here are two bills alone which amount to but a fraction less than *five hundred thousand dollars*! Probably in the history of extravagance and profligacy, so far as the wasting public moneys is concerned, nothing like this is to be found in the world. It is certainly evident that the enormous increase of expenses in our city government has been almost entirely created by unnecessary extravagance, speculation, and stealing on the part of officials. Take, of all the city expenses, that have been honestly expended for services rendered, and it is probable that four or five millions would be more than sufficient to carry the municipal government on, and that the remainder, nearly four millions, has been entirely wasted and lost by the dishonesty of some, and the utter indifference of others, whom the people have honored with their confidence and entrusted with their public business. We know of no position for doing great good and winning an enviable reputation that is comparable to that of Mayor Tiemann, and from all his antecedents we believe he is equal to the demand. We have in him an honest and efficient chief magistrate.

American Honors to the Memory of Gen. Havelock.

When the news reaches England that on the 26th ult., New York paid funeral honors to the memory of General Havelock, a thrill of grateful satisfaction will pass from one end of the land to the other. It will be received as the strongest earnest of the good will, the fraternal feeling, the generous sympathy which, despite of all that politicians write and demagogues preach to the contrary, do exist in America towards England. It was the climax of that feeling of intense interest in the Indian affairs which we described in our last, and it was a beautiful tribute to one who showed himself a true man in circumstances which tried the nerves and the brain to the uttermost point of tension. A friend has sent us the following lines upon the subject, which we publish with pleasure:

Upon hearing the Bells of Trinity Church, New York, toll for General Havelock, an English General, who died in India.

'Tis not alone the land that bears
 A hero, mourns his fall;
 A kindred nation, with its tears,
 Bedeaws brave Havelock's pall.

'Twas, therefore, with a grateful heart,
 I heard the sounding bell
 Of Trinity sustain its part
 In that dead hero's knell.

And saw the flags at half-mast droop,
 Like men who bare the head,
 And bow it with a reverent grief,
 In honor of the dead.

One simple act like this does more
 To bind two lands in one,
 Than all the cotton twists of trade
 Since commerce first begun.

—It is reported that Ex-President Fillmore is to be married to a Mrs. McIntosh, on the 11th of February. The late husband of the lady made a fortune in the crockery business, and was President of the Albany and Schenectady Railroad.

—The Columbian Hook and Ladder Company, No. 14, held their annual Reception Soirée at their elegant Truck House, No. 96 Charles street, on Friday evening, January 23d. Their "bunk" room was closed, and made a spacious and handsome ball room, which was crowded by an elegant assemblage of invited guests and personal friends or relatives of the members. A most splendid and ample supper was prepared in the Truck room, to which ample justice was done by the guests. The dancing was kept up until a very early hour in the morning, and the party separated mutually delighted with the pleasant evening just concluded. The members of the Columbian Hook and Ladder Co. always distinguish themselves in these delightful social entertainments.

—It will be news to most of our city readers to learn that between Hudson and Albany the North River is solidly frozen over. We have felt so little of the Frost King here, that his general impression prevails that the North River boats have been constantly running. Such is not the fact; indeed, so firm has been the ice, that the steamboat *Hero*, which was fitted out in the fall as an ice boat, has been withdrawn, in consequence of her heavily guarded paddle-wheels having been entirely broken up.

—In Pittsburg the "infernal machine" has been brought into use for private vengeance. One Peak was established as a nail maker, and Carter, formerly one of his hands, left him and started for himself. Peak endeavored to buy him out, but failed, and himself and a friend named Smith visited Carter's forge, where he and two others were at work. Shortly after Peak and Smith left, a terrible explosion took place, fortunately injuring no one. Smith and Peak were arrested and committed. On examining the premises, they found fragments of a gas-pipe, about a foot in length. The ends had been "plugged" with wrought iron, riveted into the pipe; through one of the ends a fuse had been inserted. The "machine" had been loaded with slugs and powder, and cotton wrapped around the fuse, and forming a train to the powder. It had been inserted near the neck of the bellows, and a piece of heated rod having been dropped on or near it, the explosion took place.

—General Persifer Smith, it is reported, will have command of the eastern division of the army in Utah in the next campaign, if Scott goes to California.

—The Canadian Government has decided upon Ottawa city (late Bytown) as the permanent seat of the Canadian Government.

—Mr. Lewis Beardsley, of Madison, Wisconsin, who arrived in this city some three weeks ago and put up at the Metropolitan Hotel, committed suicide on Tuesday evening, the 26th ult., in Ottigton's shooting gallery, in Broadway. He fired several shots, and after waiting a short time he commenced, again, and the second shot he fired he directed against himself, the ball piercing his brain. He expired immediately. During the few past years he has several times exhibited symptoms of a deranged mind.

—Last week a man named Watts attempted, through the agency of a boy

to poison two men, named Swift and Fitzpatrick, at Jamaica, Long Island. The boy mixed some poison in their food, which made the men fearfully sick; but the physician called in discovered the cause, and saved their lives. Watts was arrested, and the boy detained as witness.

The annual celebration of the birthday of Robert Burns was celebrated at the Mozart Hall on the 25th ult. by much singing and speaking, tempered with a "wee drapple" of the pure Glenlivet. The Burns' Club of this city also dined magnificently on the occasion at the Metropolitan Hotel.

Mr. James Van Pelb, who was severely and permanently injured by the giving way of an awning, which was loaded with snow, in front of the store of Mr. Anson Blake, in Atlantic street, Brooklyn, has recovered damages to the amount of \$7,000 from that gentleman.

A terrible tragedy occurred in Marion county, Ky., on the 21st inst. A wealthy farmer named Van Cleave had flogged his negro woman severely, which was strongly protested against by her husband. The former then ordered him to be tied up and flogged, but before it could be accomplished the slave drew a large knife, killed the farmer's son Henry, and dangerously wounded a man named Daniel Thompson. He was taken to jail, which alone saved him from being hung at once by the infuriated people.

The annual ball of the New York firemen in behalf of the charitable fund took place at the Academy of Music on the 25th inst. It was a splendid affair, fifteen hundred tickets having been sold, and over \$5,000 realized for charitable purposes connected with the department. The house was brilliantly illuminated and decorated, and there was exhibited a superb working model of an engine, under a glass case, surrounded by a hook-and-ladder apparatus, a hose cart, fire-cap, trumpet and fire-hydrant, all in gold, and of excellent workmanship.

Last week the editor of the Richmond *Whig*, Mr. R. Ridgway, was violently assaulted in his office by Mr. O. J. Wise, a son of Governor Wise. The parties were separated before any damage had been done on either side. The alleged cause of the assault was some articles against the Governor published in the Richmond *Whig*. The editor announces his intention to continue to speak of the Governor's acts as freely as heretofore.

A proposition has been made to tax all the city railroad companies at the rate of twenty-five dollars per annum for each and every car run upon their several lines.

Father Waldo, the venerable clergyman, late Chaplain of the House of Representatives, who is rapidly approaching the hundredth year of his age, is dangerously ill near Syracuse.

Mrs. Hays, of Day, Saratoga county, N. Y., who lived nineteen months without food or drink, has expired. It is stated that she remained insensible for fifteen months of the period, and up to a few days of her death, when she seemed to revive, and spoke occasionally. After her death her body was opened, and a snake five feet long and half an inch thick was taken from her stomach. It was alive when removed, but died soon after.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A Duel Prevented—A Farce Instead of a Tragedy.

The mania for duelling, which has arrived to such a pitch within the last three months, has received its deathblow by the ridicule thrown upon it in the late affair, wherein our old friend, Count F., the terror of all the young Alcibiades of Paris, succeeded so completely in mystifying one of them who had presumed to take upon himself the avenging of them all. The young gentleman, lately the pink and pearl of the fashionable club, *des Moutards*, had long owed a grudge to the dry and cynical old gentleman, before whose nose and his fellows had grown weary of trembling. Therefore, at the last *l'assaut mortel* of the Palais Royal, the youthful hero, boiling with eagerness to stand up as champion of his caste, ventured some modern pleasantry at the expense of the old gentleman, who replied by some keen insolence, quite in the style of the ancient régime.

The next morning, before our ancient Pistol had arisen from his slumber—which he always protracts to rather a late hour—a messenger, all moustache, cane, varnish, beeswax and cravat, is ushered into his bedroom (ancient régime again), and announces that he is deputed by the *moutard* to inquire at what time and with what arms it would please him to give that satisfaction which, as a nobleman and a man of honor, he had a right to demand. Our friend smiled grimly; one of his enemies—the would-be Alcibiades of modern times—had fallen into the trap at last, and the reflection cheered him to such a degree that he condescended to return a gracious answer to the be-waxed, be-whiskered messenger, and to intimate that the next morning at nine, behind the first trenches at Vincennes, he would find himself in readiness, with his seconds, to fight with the sword—for the pistol he despised—and to give the satisfaction he required.

The next morning, punctual as the ancient régime could possibly be, did our friend appear upon the ground. His friend was introduced, Monsieur H. de N. (one of the highest names amongst the French nobility), the swords were chosen, and the combat was about to begin, when Monsieur H. de N., being called upon to bear witness that every ceremony usual to fair and open combats of this nature had been duly gone through, replied, to the great astonishment of the *moutard* and his seconds, that there was still one left to be accomplished—draw from his pocket his scarf of office as *commissaire de police*, and proceeded to the arrest, "de par la loi et la justice," of the party assembled there with the open intention of disturbing the public peace.

Monsieur H. de N. was not to be trifled with, and, in spite of the supplications of "ancient régime," who declared he only meant to give Alcibiades a lesson, the whole party was marched off to the Prefecture, where they had to undergo a temporary incarceration, injurious to the varnish of their boots and the wax of their moustaches, and a long examination by ungrammatical clerks, injurious to their syntax and their sentiments. The Prefect, however, taking into consideration the *circonstances atténuantes*, consented to hush the matter up, on condition of the culprits absconding themselves from Paris for awhile, which they have consented to do quietly, although grievously mortified at the *procès verbal* and the *dossier* which stand against them for ever.

A Russian Pope looking after his Flock in Paris.

A Russian Pope has arrived in Paris, to superintend the construction of the new Greek Catholic chapel for the Russian inhabitants of Paris. This chapel, which is about to be erected in the Rue de la Croix "du Roule," is to be the most complete model of the one on the Nerober, near Wiesbaden, built in 1852, by the Duke of Nassau, in memory of his wife Elizabeth, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. It will take four years to construct this chapel. The marble, malachite and spar, according to the model, will all be brought from Russia, as well as the little domes and spires of gilt copper, in imitation of those which render the building at Wiesbaden so remarkably elegant and oriental.

One Marriage and Two Disappointments.

Gossiping, and, perhaps, tongues tipped with venom, declare that a separation is about to take place between a "happy pair" who were but a few short months ago united. The lady, who had beheld in her husband his great celebrity and wealth, had overlooked the ripeness of his years, his serious character and domineering temper, while the gentleman, who had beheld in the lady nought but her golden hair and eyes of porcelain blue, had entirely suffered the want of solidity—the frivolity of her education—to escape his observation. One of the gentleman's friends, endeavoring to smooth matters for the lady's sake, was met by the unanswerable objection to the possibility of any arrangement—"Que voulez-vous, mon cher? We were both deceived—the thought my riches inexhaustible, I thought her folly lay all upon the surface. Measure has been wrongly taken in both cases."

Mosaic Items.

It is rumored in literary circles that the most extraordinary revelations are about to be made by a man of great literary celebrity, concerning the influence which has been obtained by intercourse with the spiritual world in Paris. His own works and those of many others he attributes to the protecting spirits. "La Joie fait peur," the work of the late Madame Emile de Girardin, he declares to have been written under the dictation of the spirit Hoemael, who watched over the interests of that lady.

A brace of d'ears arrived in Paris in the summer from Hong-Kong, and were paraded about Paris in a fantastic little carriage, looking as though it were made by the fairies' coachmaker, to which was harnessed a team of atomies, ponies of such diminutive stature that they must have been brought from Liliput. Count Bacchiotchi has purchased those equine marvels, and was to present them to the Prince Imperial as a New Year's gift. The sides-de-camp who ride behind the portals of his carriage will now have less trouble to keep by the side of the carriage-doors, as the ponies have no great pace in them.

The approaching abdication of Mario has drawn to Paris an immense number of tenors of every calibre, from the "gros tenor," with fat face and fingers, small features and oily voice, to the "tenor fluet," with thin, wiry moustache and curly hair, with the sharp, creaking tones and *ut de poitrine*. Every day there is an addition to the Italians, and the army of tenors success each other with frightful rapidity. It is calculated, whether by friends or enemies we know not, that, since the commencement of his career, Mario has received the sum of from three to four millions of francs. No wonder that the place of first tenor should be so coveted, and that the *ut de poitrine* should be considered worth a king's ransom.

Hume, the spirit-rapper, the other night made an exhibition of his tricks at the residence of a Polish nobleman, in presence of some of the leading ladies of Paris, who appeared highly edified by the performance. Tables were turned, and when M. Aguado rose from the table, his chair turned round as completely and as rapidly as M. Dupin's. An accordion was played by invisible spirits, and many franks were played a la Houdin and the Wizard of the North. In the accordion trick Mr. Hume was discovered winding up the instrument, like a musical snuff-box.

Madame de Morny has a rival in Paris who carries everything before her, and who is the queen of beauty for this season—Madame Korakoff, a Russian also, who certainly is magnificently handsome, and on a grandly developed scale.

Count de Morny has caused a large bear, which he killed in Russia, to be stuffed in a standing position, with rows of pegs for bearing hats and cloaks

placed between its paws; and he has had it put in the hall of the presidency of the Chamber, where it is an object of curiosity to all visitors.

There has been a squabble in Paris about the French libretto of Weber's English opera of "Oberon." Three several translations were denouncing each other as plagiarists.

DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—The great event of last week at this establishment was the benefit of the popular and admirable actress, and enterprising and liberal manager, Laura Keene. On this occasion she produced a dramatic version of Charles Reade's novel, "White Lies," prepared especially for her theatre by Cyril Turner. Of this new drama we shall speak in our next. We hardly need to say that Miss Laura Keene was honored by an audience which overflowed the theatre, and testified its admiration of her genius by enthusiastic demonstrations, and also a presentation that must have been most gratifying to the fair benefactress. We do not know how the season, thus far, has resulted to the treasury, but if enterprise and energy could command success, the management of this theatre has deserved it; for a constant succession of excellent novelties have been presented to the public in the most admirable style, and neither labor nor money has been spared to suit the public taste. The public should and will support Miss Laura Keene, for she is unwearied in its service.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The equestrian performances at this establishment are still received with the highest favor by the public, and attract large and brilliant audiences. The wily camel, the wild beasts, the scene in the curriculum, and that remarkable American humorist, Dan Rice, form an attraction hard to resist. The undertaking, thus far, has been eminently successful, and Dan Rice and his admirable troupe will long continue to be an institution at Niblo's Garden.

BARNTON'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The new American drama, "The Pioneer Patriot, or the Maid of the War Path," recently produced at this establishment, has met with marvellous success. It is so purely American in character, that our people sympathize with its sentiment and action, and crowd the lecture-room to overflowing both at the afternoon and evening performances. A true American drama is sure always to be a hit. The Aquarium and other interesting exhibitions are to be seen at the Museum from morning to night.

WOOD'S BUILDING.—Bleeker's original version of the "Toodles" and the "Caudle Lectures" afford the two immortal Georges—Christy and Holland—ample scope for their overflowing humor and rare and irresistible fun. Their acting is rich in occasion for laughter and amusement, and should be witnessed by all who would pass a few pleasant and memorable hours. No one can go wrong in going to Christy & Wood's Minstrels, for the entertainments are always first-rate.

FOREIGN MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ITEMS.

"LE ROCHER DE Sisyphé" is the title of a piece brought out at the Odéon. The subject is the false position in which a man places himself who marries his mistress and wishes to introduce her into society, being shunned by every one, and obliged to shut themselves up in a castle. The novel and pleasing denouement is the suffocation of hero and heroine. The audience did not relish the first night's attempt at this conclusion, and were nearly immolating the author with them. They have since become reconciled, and rather like the idea.

Signor Arditi, a gentleman who has gained some reputation in America, is the new conductor of Her Majesty's. Mr. Lumley has, we understand, engaged him as musical director for three years.

Dr. Louis Spohr has lately retired into private life, and his last appearance as conductor in the orchestra at Hesse Cassel, was marked, according to the papers, by honorable testimonies to his well-earned popularity. The theatre was crowded on Sunday, the 22d of November, the evening appointed for the farewell of the Capelmeister, and "Josonda" had been chosen for the opera. Spohr was greeted with long and loud applause as he entered the orchestra; his desk and chair were beautifully wreathed with flowers, and as the curtain fell he was loudly called for; the stage was filled with the *corps diplomatique*, and when the great master appeared amongst them, the principal actress pronounced a farewell address, at the close of which she presented a laurel wreath to Spohr. The orchestra played the beautiful march from the symphony, "Die Weihe der Töne," flowers were showered on the stage from all sides, and thus closed his life of public usefulness. He retires while still in the enjoyment of health of body and vigor of mind.

Rossini's new opera, "Bruschino," is a sure triumph. He is definitely a fixture in Paris, at the corner of the Chausée d'Antin, looking on the Boulevard. The *Marche du Grillo* (Rossini) is so charmed with Paris society that she too settles there permanently.

The old new opera of "Bruschino," one of Rossini's sins of early youth, has been revived by Offenbach, entirely against the will of the great composer, whose reply to the request of the director, that he would honor the first representation by his presence, is eminently characteristic of his Italian nerve. "Gracias, tante Signor, I may be pitted as a victim, but I shall be condemned if an accomplice."

It is said that Mlle. Zina, the Russian dancer lately arrived, whose success as a dancer, however doubtful, left her *succès de nuit* quite undisputed, is about to retire from publicity, by her acceptance of the left hand of Prince Ga— in marriage.

The director of the Théâtre Français, whom we had hitherto thought anything but facetious, gave as proof of his Christmas wit the order for the performance of a certain play, which has long been neglected, the principal actor in which excused himself from the performance, on the plea of the recent loss of his father. "Oh, never mind, the play must be got up. Instead of the farcical rôle, let him take that of the uncle, where there is a good deal of crying and sobbing—he surely can do that."

LITERATURE.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. Household Edition. Kenilworth. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

We always heartily welcome the advent of a new number of this household edition of the immortal works of the great "Wizard of the North." In neatness of form, its beautiful typography and solid and appropriate binding, make it the cheapest and most valuable serial work ever published. This household edition should be in every house where literature is respected.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES R. LOWELL. Complete in Two Volumes. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

These volumes form another number of Ticknor & Fields' beautiful "blue and gold" edition of the poets of America and England. James R. Lowell's poetical reputation is so well established, and so patent to every reader in the country that we shall not discuss it here. His admirers will be glad to have his various poetical works brought together in the compact form in which it is presented, and in the rich and elegant style in which it is produced. The "blue and gold" edition is a collection of rare and valuable gems in a beautiful setting, and should be deemed indispensable by all who have formed a library or are forming one. Their cheapness and their beauty would make many a sufficient recommendation, but when we think of their golden insides, who would be without them?

RANDOM REMINISCENCES.

By J. B.

THE COUGH MIXTURE.

FREDERICK YATES, the popular manager of the Adelphi Theatre, who in conjunction with the no less popular but not quite so erratic actor, Charles Matthews, senior, presided so long and prosperously over the destinies of that favorite place of amusement to the Londoners—had one peculiarity which got him into a great many flurries, if not difficulties. His handwriting was certainly inscrutable; even Rufus Choate's sprawling hieroglyphics, that look like the footmarks of a half-drowned spider just escaped from an ink-bath, are more make-outable; an order for "Two to the boxes," with his own proper sign manual appended, was as esoteric a document as a Chaldaic inscription in the original character. On one occasion I remember when Yates' "paper" was flying about with the reckless profusion of a banking concern on the eve of a panic, a specimen of his calligraphy was productive of much amusement to two friends of mine. They had just received, and were vainly endeavoring to decipher the scribbled mystery, when it occurred to them that they would have some fun. Scrawled as it was upon a two-inch scrap of paper, torn probably from the back of a letter, it looked just sufficiently like a physician's prescription, that purposely undefinable morsel of Esculapian wisdom, so admirably described by Bernard as "Cal, sen, ses, hydrarg—pil—three snakes' tails and a lot of triangles"—to warrant them in the supposition that it might be so mistaken by the druggists in the neighborhood. To ascertain the fact, they visited the several establishments of that nature in the vicinity. The first shop they went into they laid the paper down on the counter, and quietly asked the proprietor if he would be good enough to "make it up." The dealer in compounds took it up, examined it long and carefully, and at last, with many apologies, declared his utter inability to understand the required ingredients. Thus they in turn called at the several institutions, and with the same result, until they arrived at the principal one in the city, Savary & Moore's. I think it was then called, on St. Paul's Churchyard; here the sage-looking, gray-headed principal did not wish so readily to confess his ignorance. "Make

it up—certainly," said he, with the emphasis of an assumed ability to make up and make out anything in the way of "Galenicals!"

Putting on his gold spectacles, he just glanced at the "prescription," and then proceeded to take down several bottles—returning to the paper he glanced again—this time he deemed it advisable to consult privily with one of his coadjutors; with a satisfactory nod he then pulled out many little drawers, where sundry dust and ashes' levigations were described by abbreviated scraps of drug Latin, and having with due gravity compounded the various materials, he poured the whole into a good sized phial, properly gummed and labelled, and handing it to the applicants, said blandly, "This is the first prescription I have had from this physician, but I know him well—an eminent practitioner, gentlemen, very eminent; it is a simple cough mixture, the ingredients are somewhat expensive; but I am convinced efficacious. Half a guinea, gentlemen, if you please." There was no help for it, the money had to be paid, and it is a mooted question to this day whether the druggist was simply "doing business" in despite of conscientious scruples, or what is more likely, the "sellers" were themselves remarkably well sold.

FIELD-MARSHAL RADETSKY.

RADETSKY, the most useful servant a tyrant ever had, if his life were written, would afford a history of Europe for the last seventy years. Radetzky was born before the American Revolution, and before that war closed was a cornet in the Austrian service. Europe was then on the eve of great events, of bloodshed and glory—the curtain rose to fall at last upon the field of Waterloo. Radetzky first met Napoleon in Italy, when twenty-seven years of age. In 1799 the allied powers for a second time took the field against Napoleon, and Austria with a force of one hundred and eighty thousand men. In the succeeding year Radetzky had a horse shot from under him, and was gaseeted a lieutenant-colonel.

On the 15th of August, 1799, Radetzky led the Austrian attack in the battle of Novi. This was one of the fiercest actions fought during the campaign. It lasted for twelve hours, from eight in the morning till eight in the evening. At first the French were successful, led by Joubert, who fell mortally wounded, leaving behind him a reputation which still lives in the annals of his country. The battle terminated in a complete defeat of the French. In Baron Melas's dispatches Radetzky is thus alluded to: "I beg especially to bring to the notice of his Majesty, for promotion, Lieutenant-Colonel Count Radetzky, the more so as I have had so many occasions of admiring his great bravery, decision, and unceasing zeal and activity; to-day it was he who arranged the columns for the attack, heading the men in person on various points, and contributing thereby considerably to the victory."

Napoleon returned from Egypt toward the end of 1799, and stood as First Consul at the head of the French Republic. He made proposals of peace, but they were not accepted. On the 6th of January, 1800, the battle of Marergo was fought, the most sanguinary recorded in history. It resulted in the defeat of the Austrians, who by it lost the whole of the north of Italy. Radetzky distinguished himself in this bloody conflict, and, as a reward, was appointed to the command of Archduke Albert's Cuirassiers.

After the battle of Austerlitz, in which Radetzky figured as a Brigadier-General, he enjoyed a few years of repose at Vienna. Upon the renewal of hostilities in 1809, he was appointed to the command of the "Avant Garde." From the opening of the campaign on the Danube until the memorable battle of Aspern, he was scarcely a day without fighting the enemy.

During this campaign he was opposed by Napoleon, Davoust, Oudinot, Massena, Molitor, Lefebvre and Lannes. Vienna capitulated on the 13th of May. Then came the battle of Aspern, which Napoleon lost. This was the first time he had been beaten in the open field, and the sensation was immense throughout Germany. Radetzky was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Field-Marshal in June, 1809. On the 4th, 5th and 6th of July following was fought the battle of Wagram. In that sanguinary contest Radetzky commanded the cavalry.

Napoleon, still anxious for peace, proposed a congress to settle the affairs of Europe; it met, but nothing was done. At its dissolution, Austria again declared war upon Napoleon. During the whole of the campaign which followed Radetzky acted Chief of the Staff, under the immediate orders of Prince Charles Schvarzenberg. The great battle of Leipzig sealed the fate of Napoleon in Germany. In this battle Radetzky commanded the Austrian cavalry. On the 31st of March, as Lieutenant-Field-Marshal, he entered Paris, riding beside the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. On the escape of Napoleon from Elba, Radetzky again took the field, but he was not present at Waterloo.

The peace of 1815 concluded at the Congress of Vienna, we hear but little of him connected with things interesting the American reader until the year 1831, when he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in Austrian Italy.

In 1836 he received the baton of Field-Marshal. It is only those who have lived in Italy, more especially at Milan, the capital of Lombardy, who can fully understand the feeling the Lombards entertain towards Austria. It is one of sullen but intense hatred. Radetzky's office was no sinecure. When Metast Ferretti succeeded to the chair of St. Peter as Pius IX., and initiated his rule by liberal reforms, a thrill of nationality ran, like the electric fluid, through Italy. This was in 1846. In the following year the movement was almost brought to a crisis by the Austrians placing a garrison in Ferrara. A "Guardia Civica," or National Guard, was formed in nearly every State, and then came, like a thunderbolt, the Revolution of 1848 at Paris. Revolution succeeded revolution. On the 17th of March, 1848, the news of the events at Vienna reached Milan. On the same night the Archduke Rainer, the Viceroy, with his family left Milan for Verona. On the next morning barricades were erected in every street in Milan; the revolution had commenced. After three days' fighting Radetzky retired in good order to Verona. This is a sad chapter in the history of Italy. The descendants of the men who seven times repulsed Frederic Barbarossa, instead of acting hand and heart together against the common foe, lost the golden opportunity in frivolities, banquets and speeches about Italian liberty. Moreover, it seemed as if the galvanized corpse of Italy had suddenly become imbued with all the old feelings and fears of Guelph and Ghibelline, Bianchi and Neri. The Italian League, nevertheless, for the moment triumphed. The red, white and green tricolor waved from the towers of every city except Verona, Mantua, Legnano and Peschiera. The number of Austrian troops at Radetzky's command at this period was seventy-five thousand men.

Charles Albert on the 8th of April advanced against Radetzky; after some severe fighting Radetzky fell back. The Italians were elated with success. On the 6th of May a general battle took place between the Italians and Austrians, including nearly seventy five thousand men. Charles Albert, after the severest fighting, was compelled to retreat. The Sardinians evacuated Lombardy; Garibaldi and his fellows escaped into Switzerland. Meantime the Hungarian revolution broke out, and the Turin chambers petitioned Charles Albert to renew the contest, and public feeling ran so high that if he had refused he would have lost his crown. A declaration of war followed, and the Piedmontese met the Austrians at Novara; they fought with the greatest bravery. Charles Albert and his sons were in the hottest of the fight, and



LA MORQUE, THE DEAD-HOUSE OF PARIS.

Marshal Radetzky led on the Austrians for the last time. Charles Albert was defeated; he lingered long on the field in hopes of retrieving the fortunes of the day. The faubourgs of Novara were taken by the Austrians at the point of the bayonet. General Durando seized Charles Albert by the arm, and removed him from a post of danger. "Let me die, General," said the broken-hearted monarch, "my task is done." He abdicated that night in favor of Victor Emmanuel, the present King, and died shortly afterward in a foreign land. The new King sent General Cossato to Radetzky, asking for a truce. A truce was signed on the 26th of March between Radetzky and Victor Emmanuel, whereupon all the great and little tyrants of Europe showered upon Radetzky new honors.

Radetzky persecuted the Italians, and did all in his power to stifle the spirit of liberty. In the attempt at insurrection at Milan in 1853, Radetzky put it down "with a hand of iron," confiscating the property of those landlords who had become Sardinian subjects. This was one of his last acts in the service of tyrants whom he had so faithfully served. At the age of ninety he maintained a clear intellect, and at the visit of the Emperor of Austria to Milan in 1857, no longer able to mount his horse, he tendered his resignation to his master. By an inscrutable Providence his last days "were serene as a sunset after a stormy day." Rising to pay an act of compliment to a lady, he fell and broke his thigh, from which accident he died on the 5th of January, 1858.

In stature Radetzky was below the middle height, with broad shoulders and a clear piercing eye; he possessed that peculiar attraction attributed to Frederick the Great and to Napoleon. Among a hundred officers, though simply dressed in a grey surcoat, Radetzky would command the attention of all. The statue in bronze at the Great Exhibition of 1851 is an excellent likeness of him in his eighty-sixth year.

Radetzky was married in 1797 to the Countess Fanny Strassoldo, by whom he had five sons and three daughters. Of these, only one son and one daughter survive him. His son is a staff officer in the Austrian service; his daughter is married to Count Wenckheim.

A VISIT TO THE DEAD-HOUSE OF PARIS.

On the island of the city of Paris stands the dark prison of the Conciergerie, from whose gates crime and innocence alike flowed into the guillotine carts in the bloody days of the Revolution, the Holy Chapel, the great flower market, and the Prefecture of Police, where all strangers must go to get their passports indorsed, the great cathedral of Notre Dame, and last, but not least, La Morgue, or the Dead-house.

It was a retired and gloomy building, situated on the left bank of the Seine. The doors were crowded as I approached its walls; it is strange how the existence of this building influences the district in its immediate vicinity. La Morgue is the centre point of attraction, the source of news and novelty. The neighbors there talk not of politics or revolutions. "A fine corpse was brought in this morning." "He was fair, wasn't he?" "Did you see the girl to-day?" "What long black hair she had! It trailed on the ground as it passed on the hurdle!" Such is the gossip around the Dead-house.

"Bon jour, monsieur," said François, the lively little receiver of the bodies, when he had perused my letter of introduction, "I will call M. Baptiste, the clerk, in an instant. Run, Marie, and speak to M. Baptiste," he cried to a rosy little child, his daughter, who was playing on the stairs.

So, thought I, the sound of infant laughter echoes even in this dark abode of suicide and death.

"You have come à la bonne heure, sir," he added, turning to me. "We have to-day a woman who hanged herself with her garters; a man who has been four hours in the water; a workman who was crushed by the fall of a building; and a little

female child, an infant, who was suffocated last night by accident in a stage coach. They mistook her for a packet, and crushed her. Poor thing! how lovely she was!"

"Ah!" said the wife of François, "perhaps she had a mother who waits for her now. By the bye, François, where did you lay her? On the dissection table?"

"No, no; what would have been the use? She could never have been poisoned. Go and look at the little thing; she is as clean as if she were just from a bath. The young Norman nurse who brought her here wept as if the babe had been her own. She told me she was bringing the child to its mother from her native village. The coach was full; she was much fatigued, and fell asleep, and in the morning when she awoke she had but the body of the child. The mother lives here in Paris; the nurse dared not go to the house, and she brought the body here for interment. She wept bitterly, and besought me to give her only the embroidered kerchief round the infant's neck. It was not our custom, but her tears melted me, and I gave it. She kissed the child's cold cheeks once more, threw her apron over her head and ran out of the house, sobbing as she went."

Just as François concluded his relation, M. Baptiste, the clerk, entered, and politely professed his willingness to show me the establishment.

The Salle d'Exposition, where so many ghastly thousands, the victims of accident or crime, have been brought for identification after death, was separated from the vestibule by a strong barrier, which supported an iron grating. It had need be strong if the grief of all who pressed against it had equalled the passionate sorrow of a woman who clung wildly to the bars in her eagerness

to clasp the dead opposite. I soon learned from her own sobbing voice that it was her son. He had been fished out of the Seine, and there he lay, livid and swollen; but whether he had accidentally fallen into the river, or had committed suicide, would ever remain a mystery.

The manner of exposure offers every facility for recognition. The clothes are hung up over the corpse in such a manner that they may be readily identified; the body itself is placed on a dark slab, slightly inclining towards the spectator, with the head resting upon a sort of desk or low block covered with zinc, so that the features may clearly be seen beneath the light which comes from windows high in the wall behind the corpse. A constant stream of cold water runs from a tap above on the foreheads of the bodies, which drains off by a small gutter at the foot of the slab.

The dead corpses were a ghastly sight—men with shaggy hair and coarse features, and fair women with long dripping tresses, their lineaments fixed in the unalterable repose of death, and their still white faces forming a terrible contrast to the living crowd who pressed against the bars. Men, women, and even children thronged the *salle*, and here and there a gendarme in stiff uniform and moustache hurried in, bound on some deathly errand.

We passed through the dissecting-room, the washing chamber where the clothes of the persons brought in were washed, and their bodies sluiced, and another apartment, between the washing-room and the *salle d'exposition*, where, temporarily deposited on stone tables, out of the reach of insects, from whose attacks they were protected by a covering of prepared cloth—lay the bodies of those who had been identified, such as were in too advanced a stage of decomposition to admit of recognition, and such as were destined for interment.

"And how many admissions take place in the Morgue in the course of the year?" I inquired of Monsieur Baptiste.

"Faith," replied he, shrugging his shoulders, "of one kind or other, there is scarcely a single day without something fresh. But they do not come in regularly."

"How do you mean?"

"Some days we are almost empty, and, then again we are crowded to such a degree, as scarcely to be able to find room for all that arrive. The average number per annum is three hundred and sixty-four, of whom nearly four-fifths are men."

"And how do you account for that?"

"Ah," said M. Baptiste, "men are less tenacious of life than the other sex, who know that their mission is to bear. A woman's hope, monsieur, is as strong as her love; but a man turns pale before the face of adversity."

I was silent a moment, and Baptiste added, "Only those are brought here whose place of abode is unknown in the quarter where they are found."

After a few more words, I thanked M. Baptiste for his politeness, and prepared to leave La Morgue; but just as I was about to issue, I was borne back by an advancing crowd. These people were following, or rather surrounding a man who was wheeling a handbarrow to the door. As it entered, a track of water marked the course of the vehicle. The cover thrown over the body in the barrow was removed; it was plain that the young woman who laid there had died recently, from her clasped hands and compressed lips. From one of her hands François found some difficulty in withdrawing a kerchief which she held. He glanced at it.

"Let me look at this woman," said he, quickly. "Ah, it is she!"

"Who?" we all cried, gathering round.

"The visitor of the morning, the Norman nurse!"

I had been affected by the story, and was even more so now, when I saw what despair had driven the poor woman to. M. Baptiste put on his spectacles, opened his register, and wrote with a superb dash, "UNKNOWN!"



THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL RADETZKY.



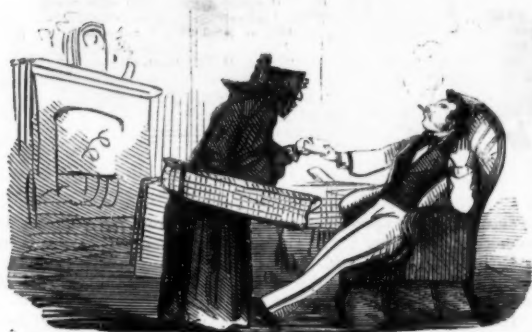
Ye Heavenly Muse taketh Jones by ye Hand.

JONES HIS HISTORIE.

Part III.—Ye Endinge.

Of Jones, and ye
change in his
condition.

I.
In the two preceding cantos
Jones himself has sung; but now
Cares of State claim all his leisure,
And with sadness tinge his brow.
On the night he gave that party,
Fortune's favoring smiles began,
And, with powerful friends to back him,
Jones is now a public man.



Jones giveth his Mite to ye lone Widow and taketh ye Change.

Ye bard taketh
Jones his place.

II.
So the Muse takes up the story,
And, in truthful phrase, will tell
All about those smiles of fortune,
And those powerful friends as well,
Trusting all who read these stanzas
Will at once their moral see,
And rejoice that New York City
Is so spotless and so free.

He describeth
Jones his privacy.

III.
All alone one solemn midnight,
In his large, well cushioned chair,
Jones (as great men will) sate gazing
On the fire with vacant stare.
As he gazed he kept on chewing,
Till the brown and fragrant juice
O'er his beard and bosom streaming,
(Spite his spitting) was profuse.



Jones his Vision.

How fortune
favoureth ye
virtuous.

IV.
Jones in court had vanquished Swizzle,
And, besides, had made him pay
(Adding costs), one thousand dollars,
For his slanderous deeds that day.
So he hired expensive chambers,
In a first-class, fast hotel,
And, by dint of artful dressing,
Soon became a tip-top swell.

Of ye uncertainty
of riches.

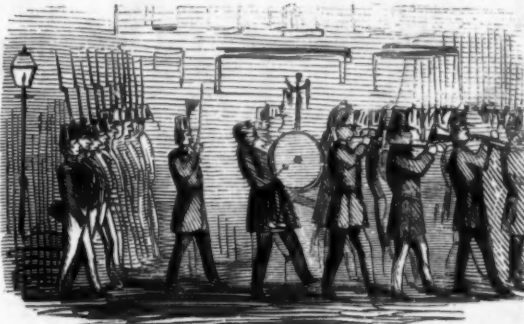
V.
Still, in spite of chair well cushioned—
Spite of warm, luxurious room,
Jones's cheek was pale and careworn,
And his brow was draped with gloom.
Jones's funds, in fact, were getting,
Day by day, extremely low,
And, of all that thousand dollars,
He had only ten to show.

Jones, having spent
his substance in
riotous living,
taketh a leaf from
Wallstreet its book.

VI.
Ladies, horses, cards and billiards
Are at all times costly things,
And one's cash, if thus invested,
Finds, as if by magic, wings.
Cash he *must* have—that was certain—
And, there being no friendly tills,
One resource alone seemed left him,
That resource was—bogus bills.

His smartness in
finance.

VII.
He, that day, had paid his laundress
With a spurious "five," and she,
Being a poor and friendless widow,
Seemed as glad as glad could be.
And, being always smart, he told her
As he took the change, to lay
In some corner those five dollars
'Gainst what's termed "a rainy day."



Ye Buggins Guard in gorgeous Array.

Ye city fathers,
through their
scouts, seek after
Jones.

VIII.
Smith and Seragg had lately hinted,
(And in words extremely plain)
That to see such talent idle
Gave some public men much pain;
And that certain City Fathers
Would, at once, some office find
If he'd work the dodge discreetly,
And (as Seragg said) "go it blind."

Jones his ambition

IX.
Jones thought first of Daniel Webster,
Then he thought of Henry Clay,
Then he thought of James Buchanan,
And his glorious place that day.
Thinking thus, the White House struck him
As the noblest, best of thrones,
And (instinctive genius prompting)
Then he thought of William Jones.



Ye Midnight Warblers.

Ye bard taketh a
flight on his own
hook.

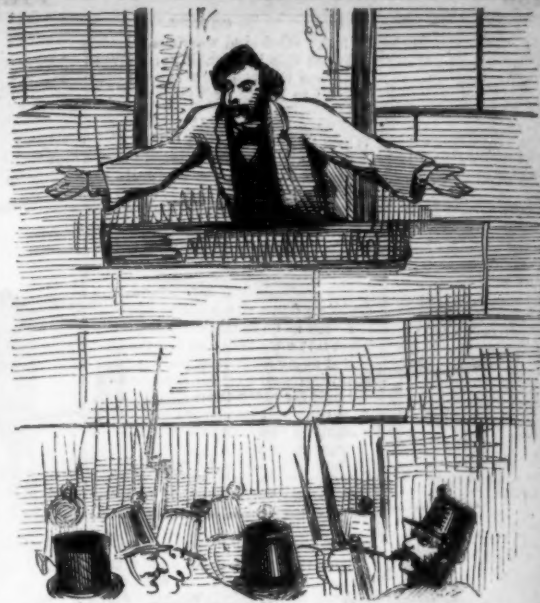
X.
Yes, 'tis sweet to serve one's country!
Sweet the patriot's laurelled toils!
Sweet to share the public burthens!
Sweet to share the public spoils!
Sweet to leave our wives and children—
If at home they'll only stay—
Sweet to feel there's no one watching
How and where we spend our pay!

Jones heareth
usick in ye
streets.

XI.
Hark! o'er midnight's silence stealing
Rise some soft and dulcet tones.
Can his startled ears deceive him?
No, they breathe the name of Jones!
Treading lightly, through the window
Gazed he on the street below,
Where he saw the gleam of bayonets
Ranged along in glistening row!

He perceiveth ye
Buggins Guard, and
feeleth that his
country is safe.

XII.
On that vision fell no moonlight,
But the heavens were thickly starred,
And those proud and nodding helmets
Told him 'twas the Buggins Guard!
Numbering, in that martial phalanx,
Thirteen muskets, less or more,
While the brave musicians counted,
As is usual, near a score.



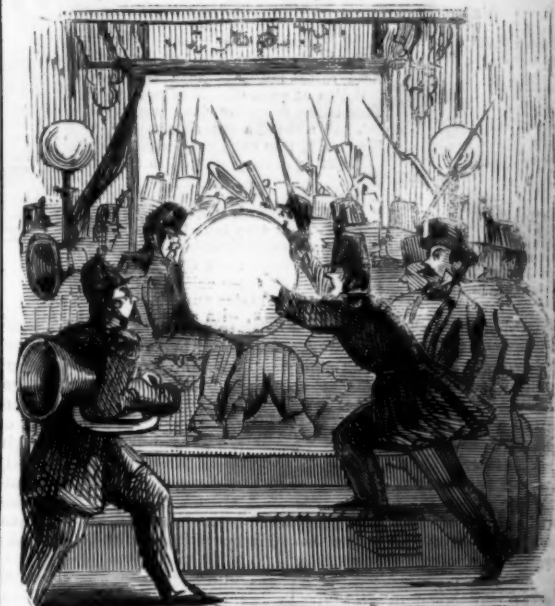
Jones addresseth ye Crowd—suggesteth Strong Drinks.

He lyeth perdu and
listeneth.

XIII.
Who were they—that silent cluster—
Standing in civilian's dress?
One was Smith, but who the other?
'Twas too dark for Jones to guess.
So he crept behind the lattice—
Hearing, with delirious brain,
Those civilians sing, in chorus,
Something like the following strain

Ye serenade.

SOLO.
Calmly flows the whispering river,
On its breast the starbeams quiver,
Every flower is hushed to sleep,
All around is silence deep.



Ye Devil take ye Hindermost.

CHORUS.
Wake! oh, wake! thy country calls thee!
Laurelled crowns await thy brow!
Country! worse than death befalls thee
If thy patriots strike not now!

SOLO.
See how Freedom's magic numbers
Chase the heaven-born patriot's slumbers!
See! before us, sword in hand,
Strikes he for his native land!



Jones his Health and ye "Tiger."

CHORUS.

Lo! thy steel clad warriors kneeling,
Swear this land shall yet be free!
Lead—to Heaven for strength appealing—
Lead to Death of Victory!

XIV.

When the land played "Hail Columbia,"
And with trombone, trumpet and drum
Scared from sleep the wondering neighbors,
Jones perceived his hour was come.
Should he hide in some dark closet,
Till they ceased their dreadful din,
Or, preparing drinks and supper,
Ask the serenaders in?

XV.

Gulping down three horns of brandy,
Jones at once made up his mind
That not only must he see them,
But some strong refreshments find.
Knowing well that all musicians
Look for more than simple hire,
And that patriots, short of liquor,
Soon in deep disgust retire.

XVI.

Opening wide his chamber window,
Self-possessed, he stood to view,
Three-times-three at once were given,
And, of course, a "tiger" too.
"Grateful hearers," said he, "speak little,
Yet, though short of words, they think!
Take my thanks for this ovation,
And, to cut things short, a drink!"

XVII.

At that little word so charming
Always to Columbian ears,
In the crowd came, wildly rushing,
Drummers, buglers, musketeers!
Came like locusts, all devouring,
And, ere long, with ghastly stare,
Jones beheld the bottles empty,
And the well-stocked tables bare.

XVIII.

Most things in this world have limits,
Though there some exceptions are,
(As for instance Broadway stages
Or a Brooklyn Broadway car);
But we know that human stomachs
Must succumb to nature's laws,
And, beyond a certain cramming,
They must either burst or pause.

XIX.

Calling loud for best Havanas,
Fragrant smoke soon filled the air,
And 'midst loud applause 'twas voted
Smith at once should take the chair.
This being done the chair suggested
That, as he'd a speech to make,
He should like each gent to mention
What he most preferred to take.

XX.

"And," he added, "let me tell you
Every gent may take his fill;
When we're out on public service
Uncle Samuel foots the bill!
Meantime, let some active waiters
Move these plates and well picked bones,
And we'll drink, with your permission,
Health and wealth to William Jones!"

E.

A MAGPIE IN CHURCH.

SUCH certainly was the case, when Jack, a magpie, well-known in the village of —, in the county of Kent, for his mischievous propensities, entered the village church in the afternoon of Sunday, July 25, 1852, during the time of divine service. Our friend hopped quietly in at the open door, and for a time surveyed the congregation, recognising many a friend who was wont to greet him with words of kindness and familiarity; but upon this occasion Jack was surprised at finding that no notice was taken of him. At last he seemed determined that he would not be overlooked, and down the middle aisle he marched, knocking at the door of each pew, announcing his arrival to the inmates with a clear, loud "Here am I." This move had the desired effect, for in a very few moments every eye was turned upon our hero. The worthy parson, finding himself in a decided minority, and perceiving broad grins coming over the before solemn faces of his flock, at once stopped the service, and desired the clerk to eject the intruder.

But the order was more easily given than executed. Jack was determined not to leave, and so, finding himself pursued, took refuge in a forest of legs belonging to his young friends, the school children, who did not appear at all unwilling to afford him shelter. The clerk rushed on, intent on capturing the enemy and putting an end to this unorthodox proceeding, and over, first a bench and then a child, he stumbled, in his attempts to pounce upon the fugitive, who easily evaded his grasp and always appeared where the clerk was not, informing him ever and anon of his whereabouts by the old cry—"Here am I." At last, with the help of two or three of the congregation who had joined in the pursuit, a capture was effected, and Jack was ignominiously turned out and the door closed upon him. After the lapse of a few minutes, order and solemnity were restored in the church, and the prayers were recommenced and ended without further disturbance.

The parson, in due time, ascended the pulpit. He gave out his text, and commenced a discourse calculated, no doubt, to be of much benefit to his hearers; but he had not proceeded far when he was interrupted by a loud noise, accompanied by rapping at the little window at the back of the pulpit. Turning round to ascertain the cause, he beheld our friend Jack peeping away at the window, flapping his wings against it, and screaming at the top of his voice—"Here am I—here am I," a fact which no one could gainsay or resist laughing at. The worthy parson finding his own gravity a bit of his congregation so entirely upset by what had occurred, brought his sermon to a speedy conclusion, and then dismissed the congregation. Sentence of death was recorded against the offender, but, upon the petition of a number of the parishioners, it was commuted to banishment for life from the precincts of the church.

CHESS.

Answers to Correspondents.

All communications intended for the Chess department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

NEW YORK CHESS CLUB.

INTERESTING consultation matches are now being played at the above Club. The participants in these contests are six of the strongest players, divided into two parties, as follows: Messrs. Mead, Perrin and Marache against Messrs. Thompson, Gallatin and Fiske—the former having the move. Should the games possess intrinsic merit they will be published in our sheet as soon as terminated.

We earnestly hope that hereafter our contributors will confine themselves to legitimate problems, and "drop" sui-mates awhile. Now and then one will do, just for a bit of variety.

All solutions received will be duly recorded in our next number.

DUBUQUE CHESS CLUB.—Through the gentlemanly courtesy of F. W. Chislett, Esq., we have been favored with the following: The Club already numbers some thirty-five efficient members, under the fostering care of Louis Paulsen as President; H. A. Littleton, Vice President; F. W. Chislett, Treasurer; W. B. Edwards, Secretary. Success to the above, we say.

We will head our next with answers to the following correspondents: W. W. K., St. Louis; Dr. C. C. Moore, Winona; M. W. New Bedford; E. A. B., Charleston; Winfield Smith, Sagamore; G. W. B., Waterbury; F. Braunhard, Terre Haute; John R. Burnett, New Jersey, and Critic. Could not help it, gentlemen. Patience!

L. P. C., Baltimore. Your problems will receive due consideration in our next. On a Pawn reaching the "royal line," it is optional with the players to replace it with any piece—even if all the others are still on the board. Discard Hoyle and procure Staunton's Handbook; the former is no criterion whatsoever. We know of no work on the "four-handed game."

W. B. M., Charleston.—You must have read ere this our answers concerning the problem in question.

ONE OF THE PORT DEPOSIT CHESS CLUB.—You are right; our previous issues will inform you.

F. E. D.—We have cried "Peace!" enough. We are blessed with an army of correspondents, who keep us duly employed. We have made due acknowledgments.

E. P., Philadelphia.—A sui-mate differs from any other problem; its conditions are that White actually compels Black to checkmate him (White) in a stipulated number of moves. Of course in a regular problem, if you can discover a shorter solution than intended by the composer, it is deemed faulty.

F. W. CHISLETT, Dubuque, Iowa.—The solution of the problem mentioned in one of your notes will be given you in our following issue.

H. R. MURDOCK, Stillwater, Minnesota.—Look out for our next, in which you will find the solution of our problem published in September, 1886. Should it be incorrectly diagrammed we will give you notice of that fact.

DR. R., Philadelphia.—We were just on the eve of "setting up" your problem on diagram for this week's issue, when on a second examination we discovered two different solutions from your own; therefore, Doctor, you will be so kind as to excuse this *ficheux contre-temps*. One of the solutions is as follows: White B checks, &c., &c.; the other is from the second move of your own solution, when instead of planting B to B fourth, White plays K to its second and mates with Kt on K sq. The last received, we opine, is rather obvious. We have not the magazine in question. Price of diagrams, \$1 50 per hundred. We will write to you as early as we possibly can. Cannot your first problem be mended?

DUNEDIN.—Thanks for your last, which we will cheerfully examine in our next number. Your first is faulty; the answer for Black to interpose R instead of B on his first move evidently escaped you. Singular coincidence, that same idea! We prefer, however, J. D.'s version, for its ingenious solution forms the cross alluded to.

M. W., New Bedford.—A certain better half thanks you for the present, and will wear them in remembrance.

ZETAIETHA.—Is thanked for the problem received; we would not, however, discourage the giver by stating that the composition is too obvious or a two move enigma. From three to five move problems suit best our correspondents. We want originality combined with difficulty.

BROTHERS JOHNSON, Oswego.—Our young friends need not feel discouraged if we announce their two last to be defective; we are indeed pained that such is the case, but we rely upon their good sense not to be offended if we criticize too severely. It is in justice to them and others that all contributions should be thoroughly sifted. You will readily see that C. F. J.'s problem can be solved in two moves, if White pretends it with Kt to Q P; then, whatever Black can do, mate unequivocally follows—either with R or Kt on the second move. The sui-mate is also faulty, for Black's fourth move, in the given solution, is not compulsory; he can, instead, interpose P to K B 3, frustrating the intended mate. We will accept both the game and Chess riddle with pleasure. A peep at them first.

R. BEDINGTON, Troy, N. Y.—The book of the games played at the late Chess Congress will not be published until spring. Both problems inadmissible. No. 1 is solvable in two moves. No. 2 is too obvious. Try it again.

J. H. M., Canastota.—Your last two have been examined. No. 8 is obvious at a glance, with too much power on one side. No. 9 has the Black K so completely hemmed in that it loses all its merits. Are we not correct? Your last has just reached us, and will be answered in our next. The diagrams will be forwarded forthwith.

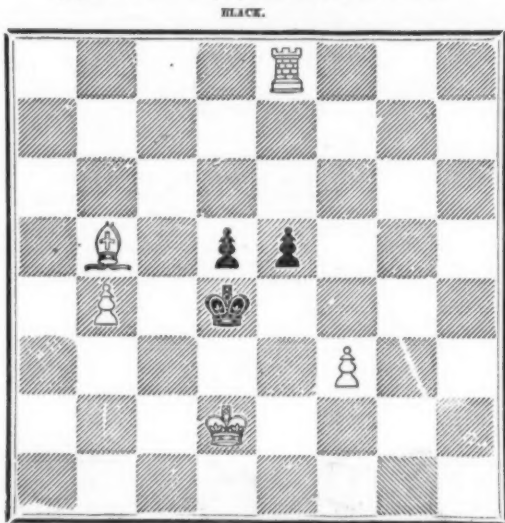
J. D., Portland.—Two out of the three problems sent are incorrect. Here is the result of our examination:

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 K to K 2	P to K B 3 or 4
2 B mates.	

This is the intended six move problem which we are wicked enough to cut up fearfully of its fair proportions. You overlooked, friend D., the advance of the K; otherwise your solution was a pretty one. The other, as you will perceive, allows the Black K to escape on K 7—putting an end to its solution. We presume that you have retained a copy of the three; in that case you will allow that we are correct. We reciprocate your sincere compliments.

ALBION, Chicago.—When Alexis can take the trouble to send us new diagrams of his problems, accompanied with their solutions, we may examine them. The first received found their way—into the fire.

PROBLEM CXII.—By N. MARACHE, the Chess Editor of this paper.—White to play and mate in five moves.



GAME CXII.—(EVANS' GAMBIT).—A sprightly party, played in Germany between Mr. MAX LANGER and Dr. GRODDER. (From the Illustrated London News.)

WHITE. Mr. L.	BLACK. Dr. G.	WHITE. Mr. L.	BLACK. Dr. G.
1 P to E 4	P to K 4	16 Kt to K 4	Kt to K 4
2 K Kt to K B 3	K Kt to Q B 3	17 K B to K 4 (ch)	Q B to K 3
3 K B to Q B 4	K B to Q B 4	18 Q to K R 6 (ch)	K to Kt sq
4 Castles	P to Q 3	19 K B to K 4	P to K Kt 3
5 P to Q Kt 4	K B to K 4	20 K B to K 4	P to K 4
6 P to Q B 3	K B to Q R 4	21 Q to K 4 (ch)	K to R sq
7 P to Q 4	P to K 4	22 B to Q Kt 2 (ch)	K B to Q 4
8 P to K 3	K B to Q Kt 3	23 Q R to Q sq	P to Q B 4 (c)
9 P to K R 3	K Kt to K 3	24 R to K 4	P to K 4
10 Q Kt to Q B 3	Castles	25 R to Q sq	B to K B 2 (d)
11 P to Q 5	Q Kt to K 2 (d)	26 Q to K 4	K B to K 4
12 Q B to Q R 3	K R to K sq	27 R to K 4	Q to K Kt 4
13 P to 5	P to K 4	28 R to K 4 (ch)	Q Kt 4
14 K Kt to P	Q Kt to P (b)	29 B to R 4	And White wins.
15 Kt to K B P	K Kt to K 4		

NOTES TO GAME CXII.

(a) This seems to be his best move; for, if Q Kt to Q R 4, White replies with K B to Q 3, and the Kt is cut off from action; or, if Q Kt to K 4, White can capture it, and then play K to R's square, preparatory to throwing forward his K B Pawn effectively.

(b) An error but one hardly to be regretted, as it affords scope for some very pretty combinations on the part of Mr. Langer.

(c) Here, perhaps, Black's proper course was to take Bishop with Bishop, retaining three good pieces in lieu of his Queen.

(d) Black, right as well have struck his flag gracefully, instead of burning daylight by fighting out such a game as this.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CX.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 R to B 3 (ch)	P to K (best)
2 Kt to K B 7 (ch)	K to Q 4
3 Q to Q Kt 7 (ch)	Q to B 3
4 P to K 4 (ch)	P to K (ch)
5 B to P, checkmating, and forming distinctly the letter X—a novel and exceedingly ingenious termination over the Chess board.	

A DUTCHMAN, speaking of contrary matters, gave his observations thus touching the rule of centuries: "Some say dat a hog is de contraryest ting in de world, but I say dat a chicken is; for de odder day I tried to make one set; I make one nest and put some eggs in it; den I catch one chicken and put him down on de eggs, he jump up agin; den I makes a little box and puts over him, and when I sit ps it up, and peeps in, he was sittin standin up!"

AN ADVOCATE of total abstinence was once urging a confirmed top-r to forego his favorite Monongahela, and substitute water in its stead, declaring the claims water possessed over all other fluids as a beverage. "I know," said Tipsey, "water is a fine thing, but then it is so blessed thin."

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

A "MEAN" EDITOR.—The editor of a western paper having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it, the man said,

"You can easily have it fixed."

"Yes," replied the editor, "but that will cost at least a quarter of a dollar."

"Well," rejoined the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor. Here's the quarter; but I'll thank you to stop my paper."

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer "do you, on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?" "I reckon not." "Does it resemble your writing?" "Yes, sir, I think it don't." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?" "Well, I do, old head." "You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "Y-e-s!" "How do you know?" "Cause I can't write."

BROWN is a married man. A few days since he thought of taking a trip to Paris. One of his friends meeting him in the street, inquired,

"Well, Brown, my boy, when are you off?"

"To-morrow."

"Do you take your wife with you?"

"No, it is a voyage of pleasure."

THE WIND AND THE STREAM.

A brook came stealing from the ground;

You scarcely saw its silvery gleam

Among the herbs that hung around

The borders of that winding stream—

A pretty stream, a winding stream,

A softly gliding, bashful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,

Light as the whispers of a dream;

He put the overhanging grasses by,

And gaily stooped to kiss the stream—

The pretty stream, the flattered stream,

The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,

Shot upward many a glancing gleam,

Dimpled and quivered more and more,

And tripped along a livelier stream—

The flattered stream, the simpering stream,

The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew

To where the fields with blossoms teem,

To sparkling springs and rivers blue,

And left alone that little stream—

The flattered stream, the cheated stream,

The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT?—A young lady once had a beau. One evening said beau, anxious to enjoy some private conversation with his charmer, but there being two children in the room, somewhat marred his wishes. The gentleman looked to see them sent to bed, but he was disappointed. The youngest child, a little boy of three years old, slept with the young lady, and had no idea of retiring without his bed-fellow.

Stretching his chubby length upon the carpet, he watched the twain with resolutely wide-awake eyes until the bell struck for nine, when, patience becoming exhausted, he raised his little head, and said, "Nine o'clock is bedtime. Don't you think your mother wants you now?"

This was one of the tallest hints the young gentleman ever received in a civil kind of way, and the mingling of embarrassment, vexation, and mirth produced by it—which was, indeed, as good as a kick—was funny in the extreme.

"Sonny" was sent to bed every night after that *solo*, and much to the relief of the visitor.

BRUTE & BIPED.

I saw a damsel holding by a string

A little puppy, who disposed to stray,

Checked at restraint and made a frequent spring,

In effort vain to tear himself away.

But yet the more he strove the more he choked,

Until he deemed his conduct wouldn't pay,

And moved along as though he were provoked,

And held his head down in a sullen way.

My soul was touched the emblem thus to see

Of life's too frequent scene, where day by day

Strings clog the spirit's elasticity

And kill the willingness that would obey.

Men like the puppy follow at a word,

But try to drag them and their dander's stirred.

AN Indian, being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke; and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The following day the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that as it was given to him he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here; and the good man say, 'It is not mine—I must return it to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Why, he gave it to you, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'That's not right; the tobacco is yours, not the money.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it; go buy some dram.' The good man say, 'No, no, you must not do so.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good and bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good."

EXPOSING THE PARSON.—A minister was one Sabbath examining the Sunday school in catechism before the congregation. The usual question was put to the first girl, a strapper, who usually assisted her father, who was a publican, in waiting upon customers.

"What is your name?"

"What is your name?" he repeated.

"None of your fun, Mr. Minister," said the girl, "you know my name well enough. Don't you say when you come to our house on a night, Bet, bring me some more ale?"

The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

THE LOVE KNOT.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,

She tied her raven ringlets in;

But not alone in the silent snare

Did she catch her lovely floating hair,

For, tying her bonnet under her chin,

She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,

Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;

And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,

All over the happy peach-colored face,

Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,

Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom

Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,

All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl

That ever imprisoned a romping curl,

Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,

Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—

Madder, merrier, chillier still

The western wind blew down and played

The wildest tricks with the little maid,

As, tying her bonnet under her chin,

She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh, western wind, do you think it was fair

To play such tricks with her floating hair?

To gladly, gleefully do your best

To blow her against the young man's breast,

Where he as gladly folded her in,

And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

Oh, Elery Vane, you little thought,

An hour ago, when you besought

This country lass to walk with you,

After the sun had dried the dew,

What perilous danger you'd be in,

As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

LEGAL.—Judge Peters was one of the Judges of the Superior Court of the State of Connecticut, and was not considered the best authority in points of law. Mr. H—, a well-known practitioner, who has a nervous twitching of the muscles of his face, was pleading before him in an important case, and the Judge, apparently not heeding the lawyer, was playing with a little dog which had come up by his side on the platform. In the course of his remarks the lawyer stated the law applying to one of the important points of his case. The Judge stopped playing with the dog, and lifting up his hand, said:

"Why, Mr. H—, I didn't know there was any such law."

To which H—, while looking particularly serious, and his face beginning to twitch, immediately replied, "I didn't suppose your Honor did."

The whole audience was convulsed with suppressed laughter, considering it a palpable bit.

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 LEVY JOHN J., 177 Grand
 NELSON MORTIMER, 174 William
 VANVALKENBURGH A. & CO., 182 Pearl and 78 Cliff
 WALLBRUNN LEOPOLD, 47 Av. B

Carpet Dealers.
 ANDERSON HIRAM, 99 Bowery
 BAILEY & BROTHERS, 454 Pearl
 DONNELLY ARTHUR, 98 Bowery
 HIGGINS A. & E. S. & CO., 16 Murray and ft. W. 43d
 LEWIS W. & T., 627 Broadway
 SLOANE W. & J., 621 Broadway and 56 Mercer
 SMITH & LOUNSBURY, 456 Broadway
 TINSOR R. N. & CO., 339 Broadway
 TOWNSEND JAMES H. & CO., 701 Greenwich

Champagne.
 BALLIN MAX, 132 Pearl
 BOUCHE FILS & DROUET, 102 Front
 MEYER JAMES, Jr., 14 Broadway
 MUMFORD G. H. & CO., 60 New, Frederick de Bary, agent
 STEIN THEODORE, 6 S. William, Eugene Aliquot Champagne

Clocks.
 AMERICAN CLOCK CO., 3 Cortlandt
 BRISTOL BRASS & CLOCK CO., 3 Cortlandt
 CROSBY & VOSBURGH, 122 Liberty and 1 Cortlandt
 HOWARD & DAVIS, 17 Maiden Lane
 JOHNSON WILLIAM S., 49 Cortlandt
 OWEN & CLARK, 25 John
 REEVE & CO., Centre cor. Canal
 SHEPHERD J. & R., 16 Dutech
 SPERRY H. & CO., 538 Broadway
 TERHUNE & EDWARDS, 48 Cortlandt

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 HEARN JAMES A., 715 Broadway
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 BAUFERMAN WILLIAM & CO., 65 Maiden Lane
 ACHESON & CO., 14 Maiden Lane
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 CARY WILLIAM H. & CO., 243 and 245 Pearl
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 MORRISON DAVID, 50 John
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 BATTERY PLACE, W. J. Fish & Son, 733 Broadway
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 METROPOLITAN, S. Leland & Co., 580 Broadway
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 BELL MOLYNEUX, 58 Canal
 BRODIE GEORGE, 51 Canal and 63 Lispenard
 BULPIN GEORGE, 361 Broadway
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OFFICE CHIEF ENGINEER FIRE DEPARTMENT.
 21 ELIZABETH STREET,
 NEW YORK, May 20, 1897.

The undersigned calls the attention of the firemen to the following list of buildings, which have been examined and pronounced unsafe by the Board of Fire Wardens:

Albany street, No. 20—Amos street, No. 140—Ann street, Nos. 45, 74—Barclay street, Nos. 47, 94, 96, 102, 104—Baxter street, No. 41—Bleecker street, No. 243—Bowery, No. 110—Beekman street, Nos. 22, 24—Broadway, Nos. 256, 174 (rear), 377—City Hotel Building, corner of Cedar and Thames street—Catharine street, Nos. 28, 29, 30—Cedar street, Nos. 4, 108—Cherry street, No. 147—Cortlandt street, No. 16—Chambers street, Nos. 54, 114—Duane street, Nos. 6, 118, 142, 144—East Broadway, No. 76—Eighth street, Nos. 121, 123, 125—Elm street, No. 321—Eleventh street, Nos. 317, 321, 223, 227, 259, 261—East Thirtieth street, No. 215—East Fourteenth street, five five-story brown stone dwellings, near Third avenue, east side—East Sixteenth street, No. 177—East Eighteenth street, Nos. 242, 244, 246—East Nineteenth street, No. 210—Fulton Market buildings—Fourth street, No. 259—Forsyth street, No. 166—Fifth street, No. 315—Greenwich street, Nos. 29, 30, 32, 67, 79, 101, 118, 164, 179—Howard street, Nos. 39, 41—Horatio street, No. 130—Jacob street, No. 11, 13, 15, 21, 23, 25—Leonard street, Nos. 136, 165, 140—Lewis street, No. 225—Liberty street, Nos. 138, 142—Market street, N. E. corner Water—Mercer street, No. 107—Mulberry street, N. E. cor. Canal—Mott street, Nos. 216, 218, 258, 291, 293—Nassau street, Nos. 82, 84, 86—Ninth street, Nos. 349, 351—Pearl street, Nos. 340, 346, 390, 477—Peck Slip, Nos. 38, 40, 42—Pine street, Nos. 25, 27—Pine street, No. 81—Roosevelt street, No. 34—South street, Nos. 90, 116—North-west corner of South and James street—Spruce street, Nos. 2, 4, 18—Twelfth street, Nos. 434, 489—Water street, Nos. 22, 143, 413—Washington street, Nos. 5, 21, 23, 33, 35, 71, 87, 89, 102, 173, 169, 162, 79—Worth street, Nos. 51, 52, 53—Wooster street, No. 73—North-east corner West and Albany streets—North-east corner West and Ord street—West Sixteenth street, cor. Ninth av.—West Seventeenth street, Nos. 40, 140—West Twenty-ninth street, No. 353—West Thirtieth street, Nos. 126, 152—West Thirty-first street, Nos. 129, 131—West Thirty-second street, Nos. 63, 106—West Thirty-fifth street, Nos. 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137—West Thirty-seventh street, Nos. 205, 208 (rear)—West Fortieth street, No. 284—Seventh avenue, Nos. 424, 426, 428, 430—Ninth avenue, No. 619—North-east corner First avenue and Ninth street—Avenue A, No. 92—Avenue C, Nos. 134, 136, 138—Corner sixteenth street and Sixth avenue, Johnson & Green's Hair Factory—Corner Twenty-sixth street and Seventh avenue, north-east corner—Corner Twenty-seventh street and Broadway, marble saw mill.

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JAMES—I didn't buy it, Charles.

CHARLES—Oh! I love-gift, eh?

JAMES—No, Charles.

CHARLES—Found it, I suppose?

JAMES—Wrong again, my boy.

CHARLES—Got hold of a greenback who gave you credit, then. Who suffers?

JAMES—Missed it again, old fellow.

CHARLES—How in thunder did you come by it, then?

JAMES—I got up a club of twenty for the American Gift and Book House, No. 293 Broadway, New York, gratified twenty whole-souled fellows with books at cost, and jewels for nothing, and received "Livingston's Travels in Africa" and other trinitie, as presents for my pains, from A. RANNEY, the agent.

CHARLES—I should like the mate to it. What would you advise?

JAMES—"Go thou and do likewise."

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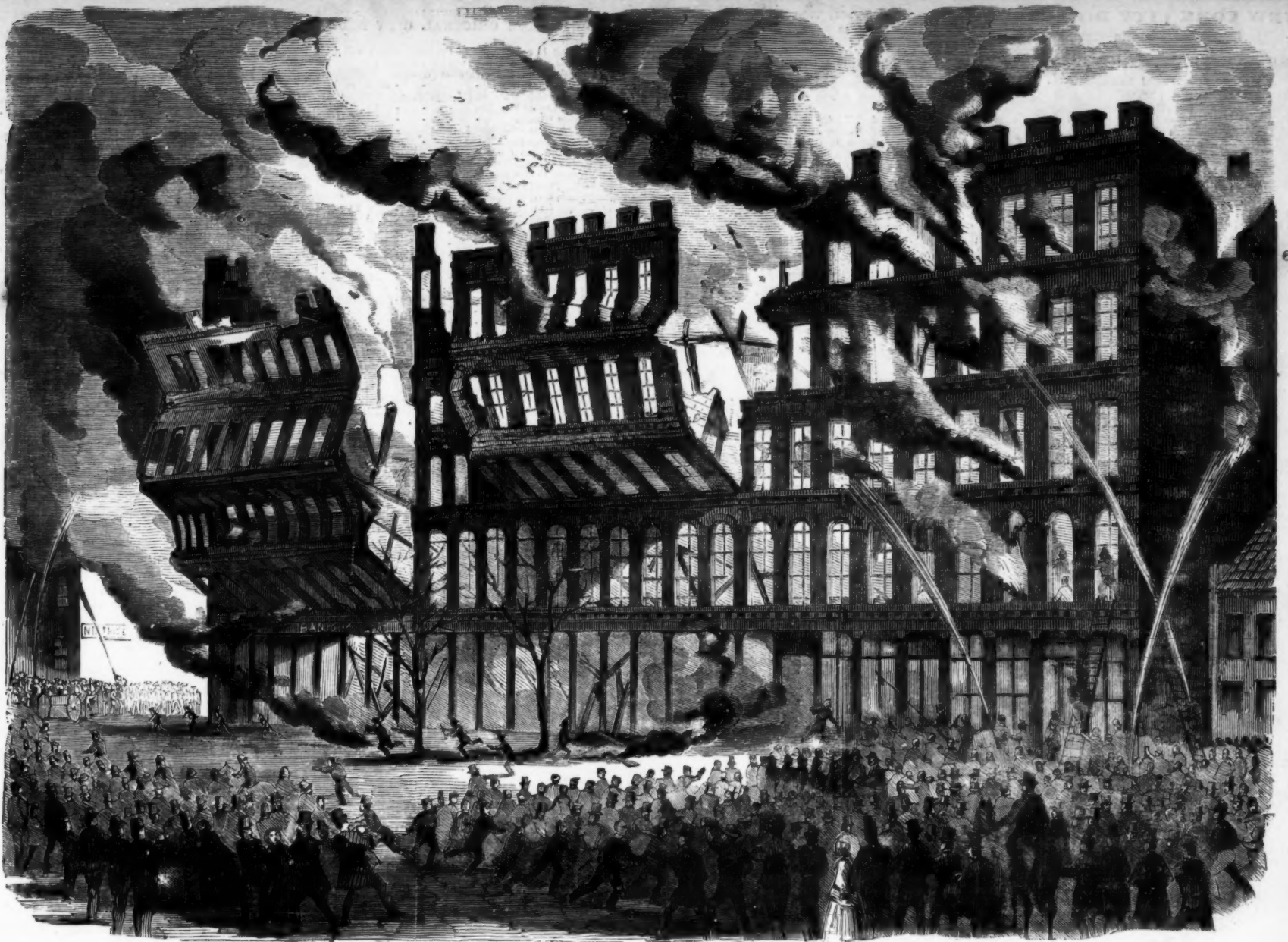
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GREAT FIRE AT DUBUQUE, IOWA, DESTRUCTION OF THE ST. CLOUD HOTEL, THE LARGEST BUILDING IN THE ENTIRE WEST.

BURNING OF THE ST. CLOUD HOTEL,
DUBUQUE.

This noble building, five stories high and one hundred and ninety-five feet front, one of the largest in the entire West, was discovered to be on fire on the night of the 21st of January. The fire, no doubt the work of an incendiary, commenced in the fifth story, and, from an eye-witness who saw its commencement, appeared as if it had been kindled in the centre of one of the small rooms. As early as possible after the alarm was given, the several engines were on the ground, together with the hook and ladder company. These, however, from the scarcity of water in the cisterns, were unable to do much service, and none, save wetting the buildings around, and even in this they were not able to do much; but bucket-men were called into active service on the several roofs.

The fire in the hotel building, from the time it commenced, had its own way; the tongues of the element licking the floors, rafters, doors, window-sill, frames, and, in fact, all woodwork, until its consuming powers had the entire edifice in a blaze. It was a beautiful but terrific sight—the flames bursting out of the roof and out of the four hundred and twenty-seven windows at one time—the sparks and flakes of fire whirling around on the columns of rarified air and smoke, made a pyrotechnic display as grand as it was lamentable.

It was but a short time after the flames had consumed the roof, and the rafters, beams and floors began to drop into the chasm below, when the inner walls began to totter and tumble. These beams, rafters, &c., of course were the props of the main walls, and every eye anxiously awaited at a respectful distance their fall. At five minutes of one o'clock the first portion of the main wall gave way. This was the north-west corner, and came down with tremendous force, crushing the corner of a neighboring dwelling. Five minutes after this the entire middle portion fell, save that of the entrance, the close proximity of the walls causing it to remain erect to the very eaves. This fall caused the ground to quake violently for over one block. The next portion which fell was the third, fourth and fifth stories of the southern wall. Finally the south-east corner fell to the ground, almost in solid mass, but on striking was dashed into ten thousand atoms.

These portions of the wall falling, opened to view the whole interior, which looked like a gigantic furnace, filled with blazing, falling beams, heated iron columns and crumbling walls; while through it, from story to story, and from wall to wall, the seven thousand feet of gas pipe hung heated like fiery cables and ropes. The last portion of the main which fell was the southern portion of the back wall; this part fell at two o'clock, less ten minutes. By this time the whole interior had burned out, or lay in a fiery mass in the basement, dispelling all fears of further danger.

It was a most fortunate night for so vast a conflagration, for had the night been other than a complete calm, no earthly power could have kept the flames within the walls of that large structure, and consequently a greater calamity would have befallen the city than the destruction of this fine hotel building, for undoubtedly the flames would have swept all the immediate buildings, and indeed no one could tell how far the raging fire might have spread.

The building was insured, principally in Eastern insurance offices, for eighty thousand dollars. The building was not occupied at the time of the fire. This conflagration is the most severe blow Dubuque ever received from fire, for it has occasioned a loss to the public that will for a long time be felt; but from the well known energy of the citizens of Dubuque, it will not be irreparable.

A Hunter's Yarn.

The editor of the Shasta Courier can tell a "tough one" with the best. For instance: He says an acquaintance was out hunting a few days since, when he discovered a deer's head raised above the chapparel. He fired and the head

disappeared. He immediately reloaded, when he observed another head overlooking the chapparel in the same vicinity. He fired again, and that head disappeared. He then loaded his gun a third time, when another head was observed making observations above the undergrowth. Of course he let fly a third time, when the third head disappeared, and immediately thereafter, along with the body attached to it, came tumbling down the hill close to the hunter's feet. Believing it to be the same animal that he had fired at all the time, he shouldered it and started for home. Two days after he passed through the same chapparel, and lo! there lay the other heads that he had fired at on his last hunt. So much for not having perfect confidence in his aim.

Gold.

The amount of gold in use in the entire world, at the present time, is estimated at \$4,000,000,000, of which about \$350,000,000 has been contributed by California. The gold field in California is about 700 miles in length, and its average breadth is not far from fifty miles. It therefore contains within its limits about 35,000 square miles, of which 11,000 are supposed to be rich in gold deposit. Notwithstanding the large area of the gold-bearing district, and the extent that is covered by the auriferous deposit, not more than 400 square miles appear to be occupied by the miners, and this is but imperfectly worked.

Two persons contending very sharply on matters regarding a late election, got to rather high words, when one of them said, "You never catch a lie coming out of my mouth." The other replied, "You may well say that, for they fly out so fast that nobody can catch 'em."



"Dooed fine picture, I s'pose! The conception is pretty good—and I like the—a—handling and so on. Murillo is, I believe, one of the pre-what d'ye call it? The pre-Adamite school of painters."



YOUNG SWELL No. 1 (twelve years old)—"Why, Charley, that was Miss Bloom-fresh, your old flame; why did you cut her?"

SWELL No. 2 (eleven years old)—"Flame, ridiculous idea, a silly inexperienced little girl; don't you see what a chit she is walking with?"